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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL,

BARONET.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL,

OF AUCHINLECK, BARONET.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED,
WITH MEMOIR,

BY

ROBERT HOWIE SMITH.

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PREFACE.

"IT is rather surprising that none of the literary friends of the late Sir ALEXANDER BOSWELL have, as yet, attempted a collection of his writings. . . . . That the whole will be published at some future period, we have no doubt." So wrote, in 1840, that venerable and accomplished *litterateur*, Mr. James Paterson. Thirty years have elapsed since the suggestion he proffered and the hope he indicated were made public, yet the one has not been acted upon, and the other has never been realised. Nobody essayed the task, and it has been left undone. I cannot flatter myself that it has been performed even now. But by protracted research in the Advocates' Library and the

British Museum, as well as by correspondence with all known custodiers of the Author's MSS., no accessible source remains unexplored which could contribute to the attractions, enhance the interest, or verify the accuracy of the present volume. Should the work be accepted as a cairn of remembrance to the character and capacity of a man too little known by the new generation of his countrymen, the object for which it was undertaken will have been most gratifyingly fulfilled.

ROB. HOWIE SMITH.

LONDON, *April*, 1871.

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MEMOIR.

INTERWOVEN with some of the saddest, as with some of the proudest, national memories, few names stand higher on the bead-roll of Scottish patriotism, valour, and literature than that of BOSWELL. Although for generations intimately identified with Ayrshire, which will ever be associated in the popular mind as its legitimate home, the ancestral tree was planted, took root, and first flourished in a more northern county. The founder of the family was a Fifeshire landed proprietor, known as BOSVILLE of that Ilk; and despite the difference in the orthography of the patronymic, the lineage has been satisfactorily demonstrated by competent genealogists. In 1504 the lands of Auchinleck were first bestowed upon THOMAS BOSVILLE by James IV. Pursuing the fortunes of his royal master, the first owner of the

estate fell on the fatal field of Flodden, and was succeeded by David, who had another charter granted him by James V. in 1514, which in turn was followed by a third deed conferring the right to the Barony in 1531. Dispensing with further details, including items of the deepest interest, with which, however, it would be unjustifiable to encumber these pages, it is enough to say that, from that remote period till now Auchinleck has remained in the undisturbed possession of the descendants of him who sealed his loyalty with his life upwards of three hundred and fifty years ago. Its more immediately recent owners were the Senator of the College of Justice, who took his judicial title from the patrimonial acres (a man not more distinguished for his legal acumen than for his homely pungent wit); and the illustrious author of the "Life of Johnson," whose reputation promises to be as enduring as the English language itself—the most ardent of his admirers and the most caustic of his critics being unanimous in their verdict that he has given us incomparably the best biography the world has ever seen, or is ever likely to enjoy.

Under this classic roof-tree, ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Author of the Poems and Songs comprised in the present volume, first saw the light. In the Boswell-

Johnson correspondence, the great lexicographer is thus apprised of the auspicious event:—

"Edinburgh, October 24th, 1775.

"My Dear Sir,

"If I had not been informed that you were at Paris, you should have had a letter from me by the earliest opportunity, announcing the birth of my son on the 9th inst. I have named him Alexander, after my father." . . . . .

It has been often said, and nearly as often proved, that few men have ever made a figure in the world without possessing predominating qualities which were mainly inherited from the maternal side. Even such an expert as Professor Huxley in the analysis of race has adopted this theory. Unquestionably the Poet owed a great deal to his mother (daughter of Sir Walter Montgomery, Bart., of Lainshaw), a woman of high mental calibre, combined with rare resources of practical sagacity. If her celebrated husband was a big ship, under full canvas, in the literary fleet of his day, she was the ballast to steady the erratic craft, and bring it safely and triumphantly to haven, when, otherwise, it might have been drifting hopelessly, because rudderless, out to sea. Alexander's boyhood was as wayward and as chequered as that of many yet it was gilded with the glow of a chivalry that grew with his growth, and became almost a passion in his

maturer years. Returning homewards from Cumnock one afternoon, he encountered two lads much taller than himself belabouring a poor travelling tinker, who, in her defencelessness, frantically appealed to him for help. The response was ready and effective. Going up to the more powerful of the twain, with polite irony he inquired what honour was to be gained by molesting a shoeless beggar, who had given them no provocation? In genuine Scotch fashion the cowardly "bully" answered—"What hae ye to dae wi't?" and the next moment was prostrate on his back; his companion, dreading a similar fate, meanwhile discreetly showing a clean pair of heels. The future laird was thus left master of the situation, and the old crone showered benisons on her juvenile protector so lavishly that he was glad to retire into the policies of Auchinleck.

Having distinguished himself as a Westminster Scholar, he in due course passed to the University of Oxford, where, however, he was out-distanced in the race for academic honours by his only brother James. This gentleman died in his forty-third year, too soon for his fame, but not before he had left his mark on the literature of his time. Elected a Fellow of Brazenose College upon the Vinerian foundation, he became con-

spicuous for his classical erudition. As Mr. Malone's literary executor, he gave to the world that commentator's Shakespeare in 21 volumes, enriching the work with elaborate notes of his own, and vindicating the reputation of his friend in an essay which is regarded as a model of controversial writing. The brothers were devotedly attached to each other, having many sympathies in common; and the lines found in Sir Alexander's pocket-book when he was borne wounded from the field at Auchtertool* form a touching tribute of fraternal affection to the memory of one who was within three short weeks to be followed to the shadows of "the silent land." A double curriculum of such a costly nature was not defrayed without considerable sacrifices, but these were cheerfully undergone by Johnson's biographer, who was bound up in the hope—which had become a ruling passion—of seeing his sons assume their befitting place in society as youths of culture. If the strain on the paternal purse was severe, it was amply justified by the result, the full happiness of which, however, the doting father was not spared to enjoy. He died on 19th May, 1795, before his heir had completed his twentieth

* See page 187.

year. Immediately on his accession to the Auchinleck estates, the new proprietor made "the grand tour," then considered an indispensable complement to the training of every gentleman in his station. With keen powers of observation, he could not fail to reap the rewards of enlightened travel; and the influence of his sojourn on the continent of Europe can be easily discerned throughout his earlier effusions. Yet it neither loosened, nor weakened, the ties of home, whither he soon returned to settle down permanently under the spell of a new and a stronger bond.

On 26th November, 1799, Mr. Boswell married Grace, fifth daughter of Thomas Cumming, banker, Edinburgh, and representative of the ancient family of Erenside. Of this felicitous union there were three children:—James, the late Baronet; Theresa, married to Sir William Francis Eliott, of Stobs and Wells, Bart.; and Margaret Emily, married to General Vassall.

At the beginning of this century the stout hearts and brawny arms that farmed Auchinleck had no reason to mourn over the curse of absenteeism. Among other advantages residential proprietorship brought with it the stimulus of personal intercourse

and example. The management of the ancestral acres, which required scrupulous care and attention, gave Mr. Boswell a practical knowledge of, and an interest in, all agricultural improvements. Of the modern appliances by which these could then be forwarded he was not slow to avail himself, so far as his means would prudently admit. By inheritance one of the owners of the soil, by sympathy he became one of its cultivators, encouraging the humblest of the tenantry to vie with the most pretentious of their peers, not only in making both ends meet, but also in having something provided for fouler weather than any to be found on the most portentous Rent-Day. Their successes at ploughing matches and cattle shows he rejoiced in as much as if they had been of his own achievement. Thus coming in and going out among them, the relations between landlord and tenant stood upon a family, rather than upon a coldly formal, footing. No wonder that such a man speedily became a power for good in the uplands of Ayrshire. Nor did the responsibilities of his estate monopolise his restless energies. The circle of his usefulness gradually widened, first extending to the whole of his native county, and latterly embracing the nation itself in its beneficent sweep. As a Road

Trustee, Commissioner of Supply, and Colonel of Yeomanry, as well as in his general magisterial capacity, Mr. Boswell found full scope for his varied talents and acquirements, which were ungrudgingly laid under contribution to the public service. Indeed, none of his contemporaries took such a prominent or such an efficient part in Ayrshire affairs; and his activity in civil and military administration is more suggestive of Indian orders in council, with their dual governing and soldierly functions, than of the requirements that could reasonably be expected of a Scottish country gentleman some fifty years ago.

Yet, apprehensive of the dulness which proverbially deadens effort in the restraint of "all work and no play," ample precautions were adopted to ward off that contingency. Like Christopher North, whom he resembled either in his "jacket" or in his "slippers," and to whom he bore no unworthy affinity in robustness and elasticity of intellect, as well as in fineness of physique, Alexander Boswell was a "muscular Christian" long before "Tom Brown's School-days," or when that abused phrase was held to canonize University athletes. What a noble pair, gun or rod in hand, on the hill-side, in the woods, by the trouting stream! The laird of Auchinleck's love of manly outdoor

exercises was almost equalled by his prowess, which, recorded in detail, would half illustrate a book of sports. He began with the turf, which, however, was subsequently relinquished for the chase. So bewitching was the resonance of the traditional Tally-ho! that he rode to his own hounds, of which he kept a small but superior pack, for several seasons. In him, too, coursing claimed a keen votary, as the annals of "The Kyle Club" can testify. No reader of his works need be assured how enthusiastically he threw himself into the most exhilarating of all our national games. Despite its local colouring, every true curler will appreciate the verisimilitude of the sketch entitled "Loch-side and Damback." So faithfully are the features of a parish bonspiel reproduced that you can almost see the anxious skips dispensing praise or blame in gestures more significant than their words, and hear the roar of the channel-stane as it speeds on its mission of making or unmaking a decisive "head." The scene could have been depicted only by a knight of the broom who had himself fought on many an icy field. As a brother of the mystic tie he entered fully into the spirit of a pastime not the least recommendation of which is its relentless exorcism of everything approaching to the claims of caste. And this allusion

is a reminder that masonically Mr. Boswell's repute was as high as his rank in the craft—the one not unfrequently being in the inverse ratio of the other, seeing that honour and office do not always go hand-in-hand. For years he adorned more than one throne in the province by his dignity and firmness, heading several important demonstrations, and materially advancing the best interests of the fraternity. He was also their standing poet-laureate—an honorary post which he held for the district, and for Burns Clubs, and scientific societies all over the kingdom. Had he been rewarded, not by the statutory "tierce of canary," but only by a dozen of that Spanish beverage from each of the associations in whose behalf he was so often called upon to string the lyre, the ancestral cellars would scarcely have stood in need of replenishing till this day—so numerous were the occasional and anniversary songs, odes, and elegies which thus streamed from his ready and prolific pen.

Apart from the historic memories of Auchinleck and its environs, the renown of its library, the unique productions of its private press, the beauty of its picturesque scenery, and the accomplishments of its proprietor, all combined to render it a centre of attraction, especially to strangers of taste and erudition.

The poet was "given to hospitality"—few could play the host better—and, consequently, many a pleasant pilgrimage was made to his romantic seat. An incident which is said to have occurred during the sojourn of one of his guests merits preservation, as connected with the rise of fancy wood-work in Cumnock, Ochiltree, Auchinleck, Mauchline, and Catrine—a department of industry for which Ayrshire has since become deservedly famous all the world over. "It originated," says an old issue of the *Scots Times*, "in the simple circumstance of a Frenchman, visiting at the house of Sir Alexander Boswell, having sent his box to the village to be replenished with snuff. It was accidentally broken, and the only person who could be got to mend it was John Crawford, the father of the trade," who was still alive when the article being quoted from was published. After the "mull" had been repaired, John "sought it as a model to make another for Sir Alexander; and in this he succeeded so well that others were ordered, and so on till the manufacture of these boxes became his sole employment." From this obscure nucleus, then, has grown up a staple trade in which many hundreds of cunning artificers are now profitably engaged, and the demands upon which have become so incessant and exacting, that they

cannot be met without the agency of steam. Another interesting fact in relation to this species of skilled labour is, that the greatest portrait painter of our day tried his "'prentice han'" on these box-lids and—*failing!* threw up his village indenture in disgust, little dreaming that an artistic career so upromisingly begun would be crowned by his adding "R.S.A." to a name which was then, as for long subsequently, plain Daniel Macnee.

The birth and infancy of the Auchinleck Press are best described by its founder. In a letter of date May 5th, 1819, and addressed to Dr. Dibdin, he says:—"Having resolved to reprint a *facsimile* of a black-letter tract in my possession, which was considered to be unique, vizt., The Disputation between John Knox and the Abbot of Crossraguell, for this purpose I was constrained to purchase two small founts of black-letter and to have punches cut out for eighteen or twenty double letters and contractions. I was then enlisted and articled into the service, and, being infected with the *type*-fever, the fits have periodically returned. In the year 1815, having viewed a portable press, invented by Mr. John Ruthven, an ingenious printer in Edinburgh, I purchased one, and commenced compositor. At this period, my brother, having it in contemplation

to present 'Barnfield' to the Roxburghe Club, and not aware of the poverty and insignificance of my establishment, expressed a wish that this tract should issue from the Auchinleck Press. I determined to gratify him, and the portable press being too small for general purposes, I exchanged it for one of Ruthven's full-sized ones; and having increased my stock to eight small founts (Roman and Italic), with the necessary appurtenances, I placed the whole in a cottage, built originally for another purpose, very pleasantly situated on the bank of a rivulet, although concealed by the surrounding wood, not a quarter of a mile from my house." Hence emanated about forty distinct publications, from the most recondite treatises to rare old chap ballads, besides a multitude of scarce tractates and leaflets bearing on history, social economy, philosophy, &c., the number and titles of which it is almost impossible now to trace. No doubt an inherent love for antiquarian research was the mainspring of this enterprise. But the unselfishness of its inauguration, and the vigour with which it was prosecuted—"Jamie" Sutherland, a practical workman from the metropolis, plying case and press alternately, and Patrick Simpson, the dominie (brother of Burns's Ochiltree correspondent, "Winsome Willie"), cor-

recting the proofs in the absence of the presiding genius—beam out from the declaration, the sincerity of which is unchallengeable: "Not the least part of my gratification has been the opportunity afforded me of contributing to the amusement of a number of friends whom I esteem and respect." He did not, however, do all the mechanical labour of the miniature office, so modestly embosomed among the trees, by deputy. Indeed, he was not a little vain of his skill as an amateur craftsman; and he had good reason to be so, as he anticipated a feat upon which the elder partner of Messrs. W. & R. Chambers afterwards plumed himself so highly. Mr. Joseph Train, who contributed so much of the legendary lore which has enriched the most attractive of the Waverley Novels, puts the pleasing incident on record. Dining with the great magician at 39 North Castle Street, Edinburgh, in 1817, one of his fellow-guests was Sir Alexander Boswell, who presented Sir Walter with a thin 4to volume which he remarked had been "written, printed, and bound by himself."* Nor should it be forgotten that, in the case of the Baronet, the work was undertaken *con amore*, whereas, in that of the then struggling,

* "The Sow is Flitted."

now successful, publisher, it was got up through dire necessity, and that bane of all beginners in life's battle—the want of capital and credit. Of the famous family library Sir Alexander was pardonably proud. In its rich repositories he had gratified his strong literary tastes, and he was so unwearied in his efforts to repay the debt by increasing its treasures, that at *belles lettres* auctions he was the terror of every book-hunter. About the year 1810 we find him engaged in the preparation of a general catalogue, which was printed at Edinburgh, and extended to 111 pages octavo, but not being executed in a satisfactory manner, it never was completed, and most of the copies are believed to have been destroyed.

The Cenotaph which rears its graceful proportions on the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," beautifying, as far as art can, the garden of Burns's fame, is the creation of Mr. Boswell's love, as it is a trophy of his perseverance. It was at his suggestion, and mainly through his instrumentality, that "repentant Scotland" thus did homage to the genius of her peerless poet. The story of what proved, under his guidance, a successful national movement is eminently characteristic of the iron will by which it was led. Its inauguration looked such a ludicrous and disgrace-

ful failure, that the scheme must have fallen still-born in less energetic hands. To the invitations issued for the preliminary public meeting in the county town there was only one response! But the empty benches could not freeze a zeal at white heat. Mr. Boswell took the chair, constituted his solitary auditor secretary, and proposed resolutions that it was desirable to perpetuate the memory of the bard in some tangible form, &c., &c., which were of course adopted *nem. con.* —the proceedings terminating with a vote of thanks to the chairman, moved by the improvised clerk! A minute was duly drawn up, signed officially by the two enthusiasts, and advertised in all the local and leading newspapers. Publicity at once wafted the enterprise into popular favour, committees were organised, and subscriptions flowed plenteously in till the fund reached an aggregate of £3300. In the records of the Monument Trustees, the following well-earned compliment has been embodied:—"Where so many exalted characters have contributed to this gratifying work, and where each man, from the prince to the peasant, has cast his stone to the cairn, it may perhaps be wrong to distinguish one more than another. But the enthusiasm, perseverance, liberality, and personal attention of Mr. Boswell of Auchinleck have been

so marked and so excessive, and his nature evidently was so congenial to the task, that he falls unquestionably to be characterised *as its first, best, and most steadfast friend.*" With poetical appropriateness, then, in a double sense he was assigned the leading place in the ceremony which saw the first practical step taken for the consummation of his hopes. On the 25th January, 1820, Mr. Boswell, as Depute-Grand-Master for Ayrshire, laid the foundation-stone of the edifice, supported by all the masonic lodges in the province, and surrounded by a vast concourse of spectators. Addressing the multitude, he said:—

"We have at length assembled to pay a grateful, although a tardy, tribute to the genius of Robert Burns, our Poet and the Bard of Coila. There surely lives not the man so dull, so flinty, or phlegmatic, who could witness this event without emotion; but to those whose heart-strings have thrilled responsive to the chords of the Poet's Lyre—whose bosoms have swelled, like his, with love and friendship, with tenderness and sympathy—have glowed with patriotism, or panted for glory, this hour must be an hour of exultation. Whether we consider the time, the place, or the circumstances, there is enough to interest in each; but these combined, and at once in operation on our feelings and on our fancies—his Muse, alas! is mute who could alone have dared to paint the proud breathings of such an assemblage at such a moment.

"When we consider the time, we cannot forget this day is the Anniversary of that which gave our Poet to the light of heaven. Bleak is the prospect around us, the wood, the hawthorn, and

the 'birken shaw,' are leafless; not a thrush has yet essayed to 'clear the furrow-brow of winter;' but this we know shall pass away, give place and be succeeded by the birds of spring and the blossoms of summer. Chill and cheerless was our Poet's natal day, but soon the wild flowers of Poesy sprung, as it were, beneath his boyish tread—they opened as he advanced, expanded as he matured, until he revelled in all the richness of luxuriance. Poverty and disappointment hung frowning around him, and hunted his path; outsoothed and charmed by the fitful visits of his native Muse, and crowned, as in a vision, with the holy wreath, he wantoned in a fairy-land, the bright creation of his own vivid and enrapt imagination. His musings have been our delight. Men of the loftiest talents and of taste the most refined have praised them; men of strong and sterling but untutored intellect have admired them; the Poet of the heart is the Poet of mankind.

"When we consider the place, let us remember that these very scenes which we now look upon awakened in his youthful breast that animating spark which burst upon the world in a blaze of inspiration. In yonder cottage he first drew breath. In that depository of the lowly dead sleeps the once humble, now immortal, model of the cottage life; there rests his pious father, and there it was his fond and anxious wish that his dust should have been mingled with the beloved and kindred ashes. Below us flows the Doon, the classic Doon, but made classic by his harmony; there, gliding through the woods, and laving his 'banks and braes,' he rolls his clear and 'far-fetched waters' to the ocean. Before us stand the ruins of Kirk Alloway, shrouded in all the mystic imagery with which it is enveloped by his magic spells. Kirk Alloway! to name it is enough.

"If, then, the time and place are so congenial with our fond impressions, the circumstances which have enabled us to carry into effect this commemoration of our Bard must give delight to every enthusiastic mind. In every region where our language is heard the Song of Burns gives rapture; and from every region,

and from climes the most remote, the votive offerings have poured in to aid our undertaking, and the edifice which we have now begun shall stand a proud and lasting testimony of the world's admiration. Not on the banks of Doon alone, or hermit Ayr, or the romantic Lugar, echo repeats the songs of Burns; but amidst the wild forests of Columbia, and scorching plains of Hindostan, on the banks of the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, and the Ganges, his heart-touching melody floats upon the breeze.

"This Monument rises like the piled cairn over our warriors of old—each man casts a stone; and in honour of him, the son of a Cottar, and himself a Ploughman, our Prince, with the true feelings of true greatness, and more illustrious by this act of generosity, pays here his tribute at the shrine of genius. May the work prosper! and when happily completed, then may it tell to future generations, that the age which could produce a Burns was rich also in those who could appreciate his talents, and who, while they felt and owned the power of his muse, have honoured his name."

But these literary and kindred congenial pursuits were intermitted through the exigencies of sterner work. In the spring of 1817 the kingdom was in such a state of chronic excitement that exceptional legislation was deemed necessary, and The Seditious Meeting and Assemblies' Bill was passed. The prevailing commercial and manufacturing distress only poured oil upon the inflammatory demands for widening the basis of the constitution. For nearly four years the agitation went on with vigour, its leaders rarely putting themselves within the grasp of the law,

which they generally tried to evade. Within a month of the tragedy enacted at Manchester—"the field of Peterloo"—riots broke out at Glasgow and Paisley, the mob plundering many houses, and destroying property they could not turn to their own account. The troublous autumn of 1819 was followed by a more troublous winter. Armed bands had sprung up in Northumberland, so defiant and dangerous had disaffection become. The fears that the epidemic would spread over the Border were realised, for its ravages had begun to be felt throughout the West of Scotland early in 1820. The Earl of Eglinton, as Lord Lieutenant, acting conjunctly with the Sheriff of the county, took immediate precautions for the maintenance of order. In Mr. Boswell they found their most effective ally. With some of his brother magistrates he attended the first and last indignation meeting of the malcontents at Mauchline, where two of the orators indulged in such treasonable language that, on proceedings being instituted against them by the authorities, they took alarm, and sought safety in flight. Matters then assumed their normal quiet till an incendiary manifesto by the physical-force party was posted throughout the district. The bane soon brought out its well-meaning antidote. Averse to extreme mea-

sures, Mr. Boswell printed and circulated an address "To the Deluded Operatives," regretting what was transpiring in a county once "so honourably conspicuous for loyalty, religious habits, and orderly conduct." The concluding paragraphs ran thus:—

"With the unprincipled and degraded instigators to rebellion we know how to deal, and the outraged laws of their country shall sweep them away. But to the unhappy victims of their diabolical machinations forbearance and forgiveness ought to be extended. They have done much evil, and although they themselves must be the greatest sufferers, they have atonement to make to their country, and let them make it. Let them return to their duty and allegiance, and give up for punishment those who have misled and betrayed them, and learn the salutary lesson, that their existence depends on the maintenance of public tranquillity.

"Much has been done to alleviate distress by the sympathy of those who, under Providence, have inherited wealth, or who have acquired it by honest industry. Ingratitude has too often been the requital. If, however, there is a prompt return to duty, we trust that the influence of our blessed religion will operate on all, and that while on one hand there is submission to the laws and contrition for the past, on the other there may be no lack of forgiveness, brotherly love, and charity.

"In name of the Magistrates at Mauchline,

"ALEXANDER BOSWELL, J.P."

"Justices' justice" is a standing butt for the shafts of ridicule, and it is not every day that such good sense and good English emanate from a provincial

bench. But the appeal was only partially successful. A request was soon preferred to its author for a detachment of Yeomanry to support the magistrates in apprehending suspects by night. Anxious to avoid calling out any troops, the Colonel stated to the special constables his readiness to march at their head; but they declined acting without military aid, as they were unarmed and believed that 150 of the disaffected were prepared for hostilities. At midnight he went to assume the command, and found only seven members of the regiment in attendance, the others having been warned for five o'clock A.M. in mistake. Finding daylight advancing and people beginning to move, the Colonel, having first posted each of his troopers to secure an outlet of the village, apprehended, with the assistance of the constables, twenty of the ringleaders. In the subsequent search for arms a large number of formidable weapons were found hidden under the thatch of the houses and elsewhere. Those consisted chiefly of sharp three-sided pikes, the others being made like shuttle-cocks with iron feathers. The loyalty of Mauchline has been unbounded, as its peace has been unbroken, ever since.

Duty afterwards summoned Colonel Boswell to Renfrewshire, then the hot-bed of the more headstrong

advocates for reform. Here the Ayrshire Yeomanry proved a valuable auxiliary to the line. Colonel Cockburn having reported that the rebels were mustering in force to march from Glasgow upon Paisley, Colonel Boswell's troops had the honour of being told off to protect the road; and when that was found no longer requisite, they were brought back in nine detachments to surround the town westward to the river. Similar steps were taken elsewhere in the neighbourhood; and so complete were the military arrangements that not only was Paisley itself invested, but also Johnstone, Kilbarchan, Houston, Airdrie, Kilsyth, Hamilton, and Strathaven, all of them undergoing a rigorous search on the same day and at the same hour. Overawed by these preventive measures, the inciters to civil strife were awakened to a sense of their infatuation, and the insurrectionary movement collapsed, to be as hopelessly revived nineteen years after by the memorable attack on Newport under the auspices of the misguided Frost. Colonel Thornhill, of the 7th Hussars, who commanded in chief at the Scottish crisis, was very cordial in his commendation of the soldierly appearance, discipline, and efficiency of the local cavalry, who showed into what fine condition civilians could be brought by careful training under a leader in whom

they confided implicitly. If he was proud of his corps, they were no less proud of him, for he was presented with a valuable gold snuff-box "as a mark of their esteem for him as an officer and a man."

The guerdon of his life came to him in the following communication from the Home Secretary of the day; and if anything could enhance its bestowal it would certainly be the terms in which the official announcement was couched:—

"Whitehall, July 13, 1821.

"My Dear Sir,

"I have great pleasure in acquainting you, that His Majesty has signified his gracious intention of conferring upon you, forthwith, the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom. This distinguished mark of royal favour is to be attributed, not merely to the just view which has been taken by His Majesty of those fair pretentions which arise from your station in life, your property, and character; but also, in a high degree, to those principles of loyalty, and of attachment to the constitution of your country which you have invariably manifested; and to the important services which, at periods and under circumstances the most critical, you have rendered in that part of the kingdom in which you reside.

"These considerations make it peculiarly gratifying to me to be the channel of this communication; and I need not assure you that the satisfaction which I feel on this occasion is heightened by the sincere regard with which I have the honour to be,

"My Dear Sir,

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"SIDMOUTH.

"Alexander Boswell, Esquire."

The propriety of this distinction, much rarer and more covetable then than it has since become, was universally acknowledged; but nowhere was it greeted with warmer acclaim than in the county which its recipient served so signally and loved so well. Even his political adversaries were constrained to join in the chorus of congratulation which it elicited. Humanly speaking, Sir Alexander's cup was now full to overflowing. Honoured by his Sovereign, respected by his country, an ornament of his order, winning "the applause of applauded men," and happy at the hearth which was ever the centre of his truest joys—he was enviably rich in the possession of almost everything that could sweeten and irradiate his lot. Alas! that at noon the sunset should have been so near.

Carlyle, with his usual incisiveness, describes the biographer of Johnson as "a Tory of quite a peculiar feudal, genealogical, pragmatical temper." That temper was, in the two first-named elements at least, hereditary; and it seemed to be intensified by transmission. Sir Alexander Boswell was pre-eminently a Tory of the Tories. To him "King and Constitution," and "Church and State," were not mere ornamental shibboleths, to be uttered only as whims of the passing hour. Rather were they sacred watchwords for permanent use—the credentials of a creed that should not be content with sounding profession, but should be developed in decisive action. His was no lip-service, as lukewarmness, even in the smallest matters, was a weakness he never showed himself, and could not brook in others. Because he had an inborn conviction that he had espoused the right cause, to it he would dedicate, as far as possible, his time and talents, his purse and pen. This devotion was, unhappily, destined to shorten his days, "in as miserable a quarrel as ever cost the blood of a high-spirited gentleman."* The stormy decade which preceded the Reform Act of 1832 convulsed the nation, made shipwreck of

* Lockhart's Life of Scott.

many friendships, and even disorganized the domestic circle. At this interval it is difficult to realise the determined nature of the struggle then raging between the two great parties in the State. The friends of popular enfranchisement scorned to supplicate as a boon what they believed they were powerful enough to enforce as a right: its foes saw in enlarged representation only the opening of the flood-gates of revolution and the subversion of the throne. Journalism became a potent agency in the conflict. Its guns were frequently served and worked by influential amateurs not overscrupulous either in attack or in defence. Their fire was more enthusiastic than discreet, ignoring as it did the safeguards usually secured by professional experience and control. For these tactics both belligerents were to blame; although, perhaps, it were unfair to measure them by a standard of newspaper warfare when the press has been almost wholly purified from unseemly personalities. Half-a-century ago it was different, especially in crises of public excitement. Violent virulence was met by violent virulence. Satire in all its forms reached such a premium that few broad-sheets could lay claim to be readable unless they were spiced with political pasquinades. Among the pitiless shower of squibs was

a "New Whig Song," which appeared in the *Glasgow Sentinel.* Rhyming to the name Stuart, a pun rather pointedly insinuated cowardice, which a leader of the progressionists construed as an offensive reflection upon his character. Rightly or wrongly imputing the authorship to Sir Alexander Boswell, Mr. James Stuart, younger of Dunearn, was prompted to demand satisfaction. How bitter the thought, now, that the two principals were not undeceived as to their mutual relations? Then all had been well, for timely explanations must have superseded the necessity of any appeal to the falsely so-called code of honour.

Unconscious of having been singled out as a mark for vengeance, Sir Alexander had hastened to London on hearing of the dangerous illness of his only brother James; but, in those days of slow travelling, he was able to arrive only in time for the funeral. Very affecting, as read in the light of the melancholy sequel, are the fraternal regard and paternal anxiety displayed in an epistle of this period to a friend:—

"The blow," he writes, "is doubled when I look forward to the future fate of my dear son James. Who now remaining, if I am removed, to counsel and assist him as such a brother could have done? I have seen my uncle,* and, in the midst of all his

* Thomas David, his father's brother.

provoking formality, he has evinced much feeling. He told me to-day, 'It is like a dream; I cannot believe it; but, as your poor father used to say, *we are under sentence of death!*' I really believe that scarcely an individual's departure created a greater sensation in this wide metropolis than that of my lamented brother. One general impression prevails—that he made friends of all who knew him; that he never lost a friend when gained, and never had an enemy. No language can express my loss. His piety was devout and sincere, and such as must be my prayer to attain to."

At ten o'clock on the night of Saturday, 23rd March, 1822, Sir Alexander returned to Edinburgh. On alighting from the mail-coach a letter was put into his hand, which he read under the nearest lamp-post. It was from the Earl of Rosslyn, requesting an interview, which took place on Monday morning. His Lordship was the bearer of a challenge from Mr. Stuart, and wished to know if Sir Alexander was the writer of the obnoxious verses. No reply was vouchsafed, but the matter was referred to the Hon. John Douglas, afterwards Marquis of Queensberry. This gentleman, with Lord Rosslyn's consent, arranged a hostile meeting at the expiry of a fortnight, so that Sir Alexander should have time to prepare his settlements and appear at kirk and market—the legal *sine qua non* to their validity. Having dined with his family the same afternoon, he repaired to the house of a gentleman,

who is still alive, to consult him about his affairs. Later in the evening he was engaged at home instructing his agent concerning the provisions of his will, which, however, was never executed. On information given by some mistaken friend, the Sheriff had bound over both parties to keep the peace within the city and county; and afraid that the impending duel would become publicly known, Mr. Douglas thought it best to hurry on a meeting beyond his Lordship's jurisdiction. In virtue of this new arrangement Sir Alexander was roused from his bed to proceed to Fife, whither he started at five o'clock on Tuesday morning, accompanied by his second and Dr. George Wood. In driving to Auchtertool he distinctly declared to his companions that, having no ill-will to Mr. Stuart, he would not put his life in jeopardy, but would fire in the air. The ghastly end is well known. Sir Alexander fell mortally wounded, the bullet from his opponent's pistol having entered the middle of the right clavicle, which it severely fractured. Two pieces of bone were extracted on the spot—the first by Dr. Wood and the second by Mr. Liston, the surgeon in attendance for Mr. Stuart. They then proceeded to examine the wound for the purpose of discovering if the ball could be extracted, or where it was lodged, but they did not

find it. During this painful process the patient turned round and remarked that he was afraid he had not made his fire in the air as evident as he had wished, and seemed relieved when assured that he had. Shortly afterwards he was carried to the seat of his cousin, Lord Balmuto, an octogenarian nobleman, who loved Sir Alexander as a son, and to whom the tragedy of the morning was a terrible stroke. When visited within a few hours by Dr. Thomson, professor of military surgery, and asked how he felt, he strikingly replied, "I feel exactly what I am—a man with a living head and a *dead* body mysteriously joined together."* The ball having penetrated the shoulder and touched the spine, all below became paralysed. Sir Alexander lingered till half-past three o'clock next day, when he resignedly breathed his last. Lady Boswell, with their eldest daughter, was at his bedside the previous evening, but their only son did not arrive till half-an-hour after all was over.

The remains of the ill-starred Baronet were conveyed from Balmuto to Auchinleck for burial in the ancestral crypt. At first his relatives intended that the obsequies should be conducted in unostentatious privacy, but,

* "Edinburgh Tracts," No. 12. By the late Sir James Young Simpson, Bart.

deferring to the respectful yet earnest desire of many noblemen and gentlemen of influence, this decision was reversed, and the proceedings assumed an imposing public character. Shortly after twelve o'clock, on 10th April, there was a religious service on the lawn in front of the mansion-house, by the Rev. James Boyd, the incumbent of the parish, and the Rev. John Lindsay, of Ochiltree. The melancholy *cortege* was, according to a contemporary chronicler, arranged and composed as follows:—

The First Regiment of Ayrshire Yeomanry, mounted, and under the command of Capt. William Campbell, of Fairfield, in reverse order, followed by the Buglers belonging to the corps.

The tenantry and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to the number of nearly 500.

The undertaker and his assistants.

The body, in a hearse, drawn by six horses—the whole in deep mourning.

His groom, and other servants and dependants.

His only son, a youth of fifteen, accompanied by Lord Glenlee, Lord Balmuto, and Sir James Montgomery Cunningham, in a coach and four.

The Right Hon. Lord Glasgow, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, the Hon. John Douglas, and General Leslie, in a coach and four, in deep mourning.

Then followed between twenty and thirty carriages, containing the principal friends of the deceased, and the chief gentry of the County.

In this order the funeral proceeded to Auchinleck churchyard, before which the Cavalry filed off, and the rest of the attendants

proceeded on towards the church, the Yeomanry meanwhile resting on their swords. The body was then removed from the hearse, and deposited in the family vault under the aisle of the church. This vault is cut out of the rock on which the church stands, and had been cleared and enlarged some time before by the order of the deceased. Besides the numerous attendants at the funeral, it is computed there were upwards of ten thousand spectators collected from the neighbouring villages and surrounding country—a number almost incredible, considering the limited extent of the population in that quarter.

Among numerous verses suggested by these sorrowful rites, the subjoined "Lines on the Funeral" were published by Mr. John Goldie, then editor of the *Ayr Courier*, and a member of the Yeomanry:—

"O! heard you yon trumpet sound sad on the gale?
O! heard you the voices of weeping and wail?
O! saw you the horsemen in gallant array,
As in sorrow and silence they moved on their way?

"The people's deep wailing, the trumpet's shrill tone,
Were the breathings of sorrow for him that is gone;
And yon dark plumes of death that did mournfully wave,
Deck'd the bier that bore on their lov'd chief to the grave.

"When the train of lone mourners arrived at the path
That leads to the desolate mansions of death,
O! marked you each horseman lean sad on his sword,
While the corse slowly pass'd of the chief he adored?

"And mark'd you each manly breast heave with a sigh;
And mark'd you the tear-drop that gush'd in each eye
Of those who were rob'd in the garments of woe,
When they saw him in Death's dreary mansion laid low?

"Thy halls, Auchinleck! are all desolate now,
Ayr! roll on in sorrow, in solitude flow;
For low lies thy bard who so sweetly did sing—
Thy chieftain so true to his country and king."

So much for local feeling. Of wider and deeper interest is the following fragment, in the old ballad style, supposed to have been written by Sir Walter Scott, in whose esteem Sir Alexander always held a cordial place.*

"'Oh! where have you been, my gallant Knight,
So far from the West Countrie?'
'I have been to weep o'er a brother's bier
Who was right dear to me!'

"'Then linger not in Edinburgh Town,
For thy foes await thee there.'
'To-morrow's sun shall see me home
To the banks of woody Ayr!'

* * * * *

"'Ah! whither row'st thou, Lady bright,
So far to the North Countrie?'
'I fly to save my gallant Lord
Who is right dear to me!'

---

* "The fall of the Baronet might well give him [Sir Walter] a severe shock, for he had dined in Castle Street only two or three days before it occurred, and the merriest tones of his voice were still ringing in his friend's ears when he received the fatal intelligence."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

" 'If you are the Lady of Auchinleck,
On the banks of the woody Ayr,
Your Lord lies low on the farther beach,
For his foes have met him there!'

* * * * *

" Alas! vindictive was the wrath
And fatal was the blow,
Thou pride of Scotia's chivalry,
In death that laid thee low!"

Lady Boswell, who spent the remainder of her days in strict retirement, died, in 1864, at an advanced age. Sir Alexander was succeeded in the title and lands by his son James, who married Jessie Jane, eldest daughter of Sir James Montgomery Cuninghame of Corsehill, Bart. By his death in 1857 the baronetcy became extinct. Five years previously a flaw had been found in the entail (which was drawn by Lord Auchinleck himself), and, conformable to a judgment by the Court of Session, he was enabled to bequeath the estate to his widow and daughters—Julia, now Mrs. George Mounsey, and Emily Harriet, unmarried. Sir James inherited many of the talents and qualities of his forefathers, being distinguished by his powerful intellect and warmth of heart. But he took little interest in public affairs, chiefly devoting himself to field sports and rural pursuits.

Mr. Stuart was arraigned for Murder, before the High Court of Justiciary, on 10th June, 1822. The Lord Justice Clerk (Boyle) presided, the other Commissioners on the bench being Lords Hermand, Succoth, Gillies, and Pitmilly. Seldom, if ever, has such a brilliant bar been seen as was arrayed on this occasion. The prosecution was conducted by the Lord Advocate (Sir Wm. Rae), the Solicitor-General (Wedderburn), Duncan M'Neill (now Lord Colonsay), and Robert Dundas. For the defence there appeared Jeffrey, Moncrieff, Murray, Cockburn, Cunninghame, Thos. Maitland (the late Lord Dundrennan), and Wm. Gibson (the present Sir William Gibson Craig, Lord Clerk Register). The panel was accompanied by his relatives, the Earl of Moray, Mr. Erskine of Cardross, Captain Alex. Gordon, R.N., and the Hon. Admiral Fleming of Cumbernauld.*

Divested of its technicalities, the indictment substantially set forth that the prisoner "having conceived "malice and ill-will against the late Sir Alexander "Boswell, and having formed the unlawful design of "challenging him and others of the lieges to fight "a duel or duels, you did wickedly and feloniously

* The authorized report of the proceedings is very voluminous; and the following is a summary only of the salient points.

" challenge him to fight a duel with you; and the time " and place of meeting having been concerted, you " did, on Tuesday, 26th March, on the farm of Bal- " barton, three-quarters of a mile from the village of " Auchtertool, Fifeshire, discharge at the said Sir " Alexander Boswell a pistol loaded with ball, whereby " he was mortally wounded, the ball having entered " near the root of the neck, on the right side, and " shattered the collar bone, of which mortal wound " the said Sir Alexander Boswell died in the course " of the next day, and was thus murdered by you " the said James Stuart; and you, conscious of your " guilt, did abscond and flee from justice."

Mr. COCKBURN, in a preliminary address, stated the defence for the panel, who was a gentleman of unimpeachable character, and who had received great provocation by a series of attacks in which he was held up to ridicule and obloquy. As to the charge of absconding, it could not be entertained for a moment, seeing that Mr. Stuart had left word at the Crown Office that whenever he was wanted the public prosecutor might command his presence.

The Earl of ROSSLYN deponed—Mr. Stuart and Sir Alexander arrived in carriages, and got out at the place we had fixed upon. The pistols were produced,

and were loaded by Mr. Douglas and myself—he sitting down, and I standing up. Mr. Douglas received from me a measure of powder for each, and the balls, and rammed them down. There were but two pistols, of which Mr. Douglas took one, and I took the other. The ground was measured—I cannot exactly state the time, whether before or after loading—twelve very long paces between the stations. There was some trifling difference in the measurement, and we took the longest. The pistols were delivered respectively to the parties by Mr. Douglas and by me, and it was agreed they should fire together by a word. Mr. Douglas put it upon me to give that word, which I did accordingly. They both fired, and Sir Alexander fell. Every possible assistance was afforded to Sir Alexander, who was surrounded by the medical attendants, Mr. Douglas, myself, and Mr. Brougham, who, during this transaction, had remained on the hill at a little distance in charge of my horse. Mr. Stuart had advanced with great anxiety towards Sir Alexander; but from the situation, and the necessary treatment from those about him, he did not speak to him, nor do I think he could have any proper opportunity of doing so. When, on examination of the wound, I was given to understand that it was a very serious one, I

advised Mr. Stuart to go away, which he did. All the others remained to give what assistance our strength would enable us in removing Sir Alexander to Balmuto, where it was judged advisable to carry him. No time was lost that could have been saved. Before anything took place on the ground, Mr. Stuart asked me if it was not fit that he should make a bow to Sir Alexander expressive of a wish to be reconciled. I answered that I thought it was perfectly right, and he advanced apparently for that purpose. Sir Alexander was then turned from him, and walking away; and I believe Mr. Stuart had not the opportunity of doing so.

The Hon. JOHN DOUGLAS of Lockerby deponed—In the carriage on the way from the North Ferry to the ground, Sir Alexander said he had no ill-will to Mr. Stuart, and he had no wish to put his life in jeopardy, and therefore it was his determination to fire in the air. I expressed my approbation of his resolution to do so.

The LORD ADVOCATE, in the course of his address, said—With reference to the charge of murder, it is impossible for me not to state, in the broadest and most decided terms, that that charge, according to every view of the law, has this day been proved most distinctly. Gentlemen, if this be so, then I say that

my duty calls on me to ask you whether any defence of a valid kind has been set up? The defence which was made approaches to the nature of justification founded upon self-defence. Now, I will not read any law books to you on the subject, but state, without fear of contradiction from my learned friend who is to follow me, that such a plea cannot legally and strictly avail the panel under the circumstances which have been proved; and that a person going out deliberately to fight a duel, and killing his antagonist, cannot be allowed to state himself as in those circumstances of self-defence which entitle him to a verdict of acquittal.

Mr. JEFFREY—I do not require you to find that Sir Alexander Boswell did not fall by the hands of the prisoner, but only that he did not fall by his malice. I call upon you to give in a verdict of no untruth, directly or by implication, and I tell you that you cannot be compelled to say that the prisoner wickedly and feloniously slew the unfortunate gentleman if you sincerely think he did not—if you are satisfied that he slew him without malice, anger, or hatred in the rencounter—in short, that the very reverse of all these feelings burned in his bosom towards the unfortunate gentleman, at his death, before his death, and after his death. [Having quoted cases from the sister kingdoms

to show that the Courts not only connived at, but encouraged the leniency of juries in trials for duelling, and stated that for this offence there had been only three prosecutions in Scotland for 150 years, in all of which there had been an acquittal, the learned counsel concluded as follows]—I trust, therefore, that, not in violation of the law, but in dutiful observance of its spirit and clear injunctions, and rigorously giving it effect, you will find my client not guilty of the crime with which he is charged, and thus restore him untainted to that society of which he is the light, and in which he performs so many useful offices, and at the same time, in part at least, to that peace of mind which, with his feelings and his heart, I fear it is not in the power of your verdict, or of any human tribunal, ever effectually or completely to restore.

The Lord Justice Clerk, in summing up the case, remarked—You will consider the charge, the evidence for the charge, and the strong body of evidence which has been brought forward on the part of the prisoner. You will recollect that, as to malice, or seeking a quarrel, it has been directly negatived, and with regard to anything like personal rancour, there is the strongest evidence that no such feeling entered into the mind of the prisoner. Considering, therefore, the circum-

stances in which he was placed, the strong necessity he felt himself under to vindicate himself, the deliberate way in which he set about his vindication—not proceeding instantly by himself, but sending to the noble lord whom he employed as his friend, who told him he had no other alternative than to act as he did—the great sorrow he expressed on account of the fatal consequences of the meeting, and the uncommon body of testimony to the mildness of his character, taking all these things into consideration, you will determine whether you can with propriety pronounce him Not Guilty.

At five o'clock a.m., on Tuesday (the trial having begun at ten a.m. the previous morning), the Jury, without retiring, returned a unanimous verdict of NOT GUILTY.

Although attaining his seventy-fourth year (having died towards the close of 1849), the peroration of the panel's senior counsel was almost prophetic. The agonising memory of the Auchtertool tragedy time nor distance ever dimmed. On his acquittal, Mr. Stuart immediately sought solace in travel, visiting several parts of both hemispheres, and, after editing with distinction the *London Courier*, through the influence of Lord Melbourne he became H.M. Inspector of Factories for Scotland.

This Memoir would be incomplete without the graphic reminiscences of Mr. WILLIAM LENNOX, Ayr, who, besides serving his country with his sword, has graced her minstrelsy by his pen; and now, in a green old age, acquits himself as an adept in verbal photography. Writing to the Editor, the veteran says:—

"You ask me to give you a pen-and-ink sketch of the personal appearance of the late Sir Alexander Boswell. It will be a melancholy pleasure to me even to attempt it, although I know myself to be quite unequal to the task. His memory floats in my mind with undiminished interest since the day of his unhappy death, and I like to speak about him. No other man, from whose position I could have no companionship, ever interested me so much; and in that I am far from being alone. I had frequent opportunities of seeing him from the following circumstance. When I came home from Waterloo there was no J.P. in Ochiltree; and I therefore went every quarter to Auchinleck House to have my pension affidavit signed by him.

"He was a great army man, and as I was young, and home wounded from so celebrated a battle, he took some interest in me, and condescended to talk and crack a joke with me whenever I appeared. To

give you some idea of his manner, I will detail our first meeting. When I was announced, I was shown into his business room by Henry his butler, and found him throng amongst heaps of books and papers, but in excellent humour. Starting up at once, and turning full upon me—"Ho! Lennox," said he, "you have been early at work. What regiment? Hand me your papers. Ho! the 79th or Cameron Highlanders. Crack regiment. Hold up your right hand. All this is true?" "Yes, Sir." "There, then (signing), that will do. Henry!" When Henry appeared, he told him to bring some whisky, and, pouring out a glass with his own hand, he looked at me comically, and asked if I could drink whisky. I said I could. "Then," said he, "take that; it will do you good; but don't become a drinker. What trade were you?" "A blacksmith." "Ho! that bit of a hand which the French have left you will prevent you from following that trade. Can you read and write?" "Yes." "Then improve yourself. Something may turn up by and by." With that he turned to his papers, and I left, delighted with his kind, frank, and genial manner, of which I never knew a change.

"I saw him often after this, and am safe in saying that, as to mere face, he was no great beauty. His

complexion was swarthy, and his features were not very happily formed. His best and manliest feature was his nose. It was what the nosiologists call a cogitative nose, and was somewhat large and impressible, and had a mole or some such mark on the one side. His eye was a dark gray, neither very large nor brilliant, but capable of great expression. His brow was shapely but not very high, and the lines of care and trouble had begun to indent it before their time. A critical limner might have said his chin was rather short; and his mouth, although not badly formed, had a quizzical cast about it, which created some suspicion as to what he might say. Whether the soil was unfavourable or not I cannot tell, but there was a scantiness of hair about his face, which would have looked bare to the great cultivators of that article in the present day. To my mind he had not one real good feature in his whole face, taken singly; but all blended together, and lighted up with his spirit and vivacity, there was a fascination about it that I never saw in any other.

"As to his person, he was quite a model of a man. Without knowing his exact height, I would say he was upwards of six feet, with a broad chest, a head well set on his shoulders, a very noble carriage, and a

presence producing a voluntary deference and respect, without any supercilious and offensive haughtiness. His arms were long and powerful, and his limbs formed both for agility and strength. And I remember that he had a machine erected at the stables, when, on occasional meetings of his rustic neighbours, he delighted to see them try who could pull the greatest weight. At ploughing matches, shootings, ice-playings, &c., he mingled freely with the tenantry and villagers around, and imparted life and good humour to whatever was going on.

"His appearance on horseback was particularly attractive. Whether as an officer of the Yeomanry Cavalry or a private gentleman riding for his enjoyment, his style and management were admirable. Some old friends were lately talking with me about a splendid grey which he had when he died, and all remembered his appearance on that noble animal as if it had been yesterday. It was very high, with great action, and uncommonly showy; and to see him ride up the steep village of Ochiltree on that "gallant grey," at a proud canter, was a sight not easily forgotten.

"But neither his personal qualifications nor poetical abilities would ever have given him such a hold on the affections of the people of Ayrshire without some-

thing better than them both. His goodness of heart, which was ever showing itself by a cheerful readiness to oblige and serve every person, high or low, who sought his advice, made him be regarded in every house as a friend and counsellor, and a power who could be confidently appealed to in every emergency. The whole county was proud of him, and in the district surrounding his own parish of Affleck, as he and his family liked to call it, he was the admiration and the theme of all—from the children at play to the grave assemblies around their own hearth-stones. His death gave a shock to the whole community which has not yet ceased to be felt, and created a blank not yet filled up, nor likely soon to be.

"The sorrow was deep and bitter in all ranks; and, for myself, I could not rest till I had walked from Ochiltree to Leith (a distance of some 66 miles), and crossed over to see the place where he fell. I had a brother-in-law in Leith who knew the locality intimately, and he went with me. The following verses were pencilled on the way, but not published till now. There is perhaps no great poetical merit in them, but no lines ever came more directly from the heart. I found a large B cut in the turf where Boswell stood,

and an S where Stuart stood, and the initials of many visitors around the interesting place:—

"I cross'd the Firth at high noon-day
To view the field of duel,
And I thought while the boat was on her way,
That Boswell's fate was cruel.

"I stept ashore at Burntisland pier,
And heavy was my sorrow;
For I mus'd on the Baron's bloody bier,
And dark, damp house so narrow.

"And his lady, where she lonely lies,
In her darken'd chamber grieving,*
With the hot tears dimming her lovely eyes,
And sobs her white breast heaving.

"I shed no tears, but I ponder'd deep,
On the father and the lover;
His children dear may soon cease to weep,
But his heart-sad lady never.

"I came to the kirk of West Kinghorn,
But had no time to tarry
By the holy ruin, now reft and torn,
Which oft held proud Queen Mary.

"I pass'd the village of Auchtertool,
Unwonted breathings bringing,
And when I arriv'd at the Badeland Toll
O! how my ears were ringing.

---

* She allowed none of the windows of her room to be open for long after his death.

" I stopt not to view Cananny Brae,
Nor Windyhill so lonely,
But follow'd my heart to lament and stay
On Kips's green field only.

" With funeral step I pac'd the ground,
In solemn, silent sadness;
It was mark'd with nameless names all around.
I car'd for no such witness.

" I strew'd the spot where the Baron fell
With the bonnie yellow gowan,
And I wish'd his departed spirit well,
While my very soul was glowing.

" I tried to sing as I turn'd away,
But it dwindl'd down to sighing.
'Brave Boswell,' I said, 'Thou art gone for aye,'
And I scarce could help from crying.

" No more he'll mount on his splendid grey,
In all the pride of manhood;
No more on the banks of the Lugar stray,
Among the spreading greenwood.

" Yon sun, now setting down the west,
At morning's dawn shall waken;
But here our Boswell, so soundly at rest,
Shall know no morn of breaking.

" But the sons of social song and mirth,
In their orisons shall greet him;
And the sons of honour, and wit, and worth,
In a brighter world shall meet him."

APPENDIX.

THE AUCHINLECK PRESS.

THE following list of privately-printed Works from the Auchinleck Press has been supplied by James Maidment, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh:—

The Buke of ye Chess. Black Letter. Dedicated to Thomas Thomson, Esq., Deputy-Clerk Register of Scotland. Dedication dated Auchinleck, 31st December, 1818. From the Asloan MS., then in the Library at Auchinleck.

Ane Tractat of a part of ye Yngliss Chronikle—Shawand of yar king's part of yar ewill and cursit gouvernance and yar unhappie lynage, as weil fra autentik writ als fra yar awne fenzeit Policronicon. Black Letter. From Asloan's MS. 1818.

A Remembraunce of the woorthie and well imployed life of the Right Honourable Sir Nicholas Bacon, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and one of the Queenes Majesties most honorable Privie Counsell; who deceased the 20th day of Februarie, 1578. With an Exhortation neccessarie for every estate. The woorke of George Whetstones, Gentleman. Imprinted at London for Myles Jennyngs. 1816.

Sir Phillip Sidney: His Honorable Life, His Valiant Death, and True Vertues. By G. W., Gent. Dedicated to the Right

Honorable the Earle of Warwicke, by his Lordship's faithful servant, George Whetstones. Imprinted at London for Thomas Cadman. 1817.

A Rembraunce of the precious vertues of the Right Honourable and Reverend Judge, Sir James Dier, Knight, Lord Cheefe Justice of the Common Pleas; who disseased at Great Stawghton, in Huntingdonshire, the 24th of March, Anno 1582. The Reporte of George Whetstons, Gent. *Forma nulla fides.* Imprinted at London by John Charlewood.

A Rembraunce of the Life, Death and Vertues of the most Noble and Honourable Lord, Thomas Earle of Sussex, Vicount Fitzwater, Lord of Egremont and Burnell, Justice of an Ayer of all her Maiestes Forrestes, Parkes, Chaces, and Warrantes, on the south side of Trent, Captaine of the Pensioners and Gentlemen at Armes, Lord Chamberlaine of her Maiesties Honourable Household, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, and of her Highnesse most gratious and prudente Pryvy Councell; who deceased at Barmesey the 11th of June, 1583. The report of George Whetstones, Gent. *Forma nulla fides.* London: Imprinted by John Wolfe & Richard Jones, 1583.

A Fig for Momus: Containing Pleasant varietie, included in Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles. By T. L. [Thomas Lodge], of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. *Che pecora si fa, il lupo selo mangia.* At London: Printed for Clement Knight, and are to be solde at his shop, at the little North doore of Paules Church, 1595. Reprinted 1816.

The Mirror of Man, and Manners of Men. Written by Thomas Churchyard. Lon. 1594.

A pleasant Discourse of Court and Wars; with a replication to them both, and a Commendation of all those that truly serve Prince and Countrie. Written by Thomas Churchyard, and called his Cherishing. Lon. 1596.

A sad and solemne Funerall of the Right Honourable Sir Francis Knowles, Knight, Treasurer of the Queenes Majesties household, one of her Privie Councell, and Knight of the most

honourable Order of the Garter. Written by Thomas Churchyard, Esquire. Lon. 1596.

A Musicall Consort of Heavenly Harmonie, compounded out of manié parts of Musick, called Churchyard's Charitie. Lon. 1593.

A Praise of Poetrie. Lon. 1595.

The Author was Churchyard, although his name is withheld.

POEMS BY RICHARD BARNFIELD. Reprinted 1816, viz.:—

The Encomion of Lady Pecunia; or, The Praise of Money.

—— quærenda pecunia primum est.
Virtus post nummos. —HORACE.

By Richard Barnfeild, Graduate in Oxford. London: Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be solde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the Signe of the Hand and Starre. 1598.

The Complaint of Poetrie, for the Death of Liberalitie. *Vivit post funera virtus.* London: Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be sold at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the Signe of the Hand and Starre. 1598.

Poems: In diuers humors. *Trahit sua quemque voluptas.* Virgil. London: Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be sold at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the Signe of the Hand and Starre. 1598.

The Combat betweene Conscience and Couetousnesse in the minde of Man.

—— quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames? —VIRGIL.

London: Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be sold at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the Signe of the Hand and Starre. 1598. This rare volume was Sir Alexander Boswell's contribution to the Roxburgh Club, of which he was a member.

The Scottish Sovldier. By Lavvder.

Sunt Artibus Arma Decori.

Edinburgh: Printed by John Wreittoun, and are to be sold at his shop, a litle beneath the salt Trone. 1629.

Wight—To the Kings most excellent Majesty. By Lavvder. *Sunt Artibus Arma Decori.* Edinburgh: Printed by John Wreittoun, and are to be sold at his shop, a litle beneath the salt Trone. 1629.

Dialogi Duo Rerum Verborumque Lepore, et Copia Insignes: Qvorum prior, continet colloquium inter Deum & Euam (vt ferunt) eiusque liberos, posterior Salomonis & Marcolphi jucundissimam decertationem proponit. ARGENTINÆ.

The preceding works are all in small 4to, and each volume, with the exception of Barnfield's Poems, has the following general title:—

FRONDES CADUCÆ.

Multa renascentur jam quæ ceadere cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt. —HOR.

Then follows a beautiful cut of

Linn-Burn Bridge.

Reprinted at the Auchinleck Press. 1817.

The same woodcut is used in Churchyard's Poems and the Dialogi; but in the Fig for Momus and Whetstone's Poems the Auchinleck Printing Press is substituted. In the other prints Sir Alexander has substituted his own arms. To the Barnfield there was no general title, as it was a club book.

The Woo-Creel; or The Bill o' Bashan: a Tale. Auchinleck: Printed by James Sutherland. 1816. Dedicated to J[ames] H[amilton], Esq. of S[undrum].

Skeldon Haughs; or, The Sow is Flitted. Dedicated to George Rankine, Esq. of Whitehill—Jany. 1, 1816. Printed at Auchinleck. 1816.

Songs in the Justiciary Opera. Composed fifty years ago. By C[olin] M[aclaurin]—B[oswell], I.C.C. Auchinleck. 1816. [Reprinted in the Court of Session Garland, with Notes. Maclaurin was afterwards a Lord of Session, under the title of Lord Dreghorn.]

Supplicatio ad Papam, cum papali concessione. (Latin dedication to Hugh, Earl of Eglinton)—Agri. Saxonum. Excudebat Jacobus Sutherland, Typographus. Folio. This is the rarest of the reprints, only twelve copies having been thrown off. Four leaves of text and two of title and dedication. After the Latin text comes the translation, with the dedication in English, "To the Right Honble. Hugh, Twelfth Earl of Eglinton, this specimen of Ancient Superstition, printed from the original manuscript, is presented by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck."

Besides the privately printed works, Sir Alexander Boswell edited the following works for sale:—

Heir followest the Coppie of the ressoning which was betwix the Abbot of Crossraguel and John Knox in Mayboill, concerning the Masse, in the year of God a thousand, five hundred, thre scoir, and two years. Imprinted at Edinburgh by Robert Lekpreeuik, and are to [be] sold at his hous, at the Nether bow. Cum priveligio. 1563. Printed in Black Letter. Small 4to.

Ane Oratioune set forth by Master Quintine Kennedy, Commendator of Corsraguel, ye zeir of God 1561. With Advertisement by Sir Alexander of seven pages (including bastard title). The oration is in Black Letter. Small 4to.

Brief Memoriale of the Lyfe and Death of Dr. James Spottiswood, Bishop of Clogher in Ireland, &c., &c. Edinburgh, 1811. From a MS. in the Auchinleck Library, with prefatory notice of seven pages by Sir Alexander. Small 4to.

There is a single leaf, entitled "Lock-side and Dam-back; or, The Curlers. A Duet." Tune, "The Auld Wife ayont the Fire," which apparently was printed at the Auchinleck Press.

It is almost needless to observe that all these private productions are very rare, and a complete set hardly attainable. Most of them possess great merit, as Sir Alexander did not reprint books merely because they were rare, but having a fine vein of poetry, he was an excellent judge of it in others. In Barnfield's Poems there are many beautiful passages. The Tractat of the English Chronicle is historically valuable. It contains the passage relative to Richard II. turning mad, wandering about as a beggar, his death in Scotland, and his being "erdit [buried] in the Blak freirs of Sterling."

SONGS.

SONGS

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

Nulla venenato litera mixta joco est.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR MANNERS & MILLER,
By Mundell & Son.

1803.

Several of the following Songs having been printed in Edinburgh and Glasgow without the Author's permission, and with alterations which he did not consider as improvements, he has been induced to present them to the Public in a more correct form.

THE MAID OF ISLA—SONG.*

HE.

AH! Mary, sweetest maid, fareweël,
My hopes are flown, for a's to wreck;
Heaven guard you, love, and heal
Your heart, though mine, alas! must break.

SHE.

Dearest lad, what ills betide?
Is Willie to his love untrue?
Pledg'd the morn to be your bride—
O ha'e ye, ha'e ye, ta'en the rue?

HE.

Ye canna wear a ragged gown,
And beggar wed wi' nought ava;
My kye are lost, my house is down—
My last sheep lies aneath the snaw.

* The air is a reel of the island of Isla, brought over by Lady Charlotte Campbell. Like many others, when played slow, it is very plaintive.

SHE.

Tell na me o' storm or flood,
Or sheep a' smoor'd ayont the hill;
For Willie's sake I Willie loo'd;
Though poor, ye are my Willie still.

HE.

Ye canna thole the wind and rain,
Nor wander friendless far frae hame;
Cheer—cheer your heart, some richer swain
Will soon blot out lost Willie's name.

SHE.

I'll tak my bundle i' my hand,
And wipe the dew-drop frae my e'e;
I'll wander wi' ye ow'r the land—
I'll venture wi' ye ow'r the sea.

HE.

Pardon, love, 'twas a' a snare;
My stocks are safe—we needna part;
I'd forfeit them, and ten times mair,
To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart.

SHE.

Could ye wi' my feelings sport,
Or doubt a heart sae kind and true?
I should wish mischief on ye for't,
But canna wish ought ill to you.

SONG.*

ET my lass be young, my wine be old,
My cottage snug, friends never cold,
My life no tedious tale twice told,
And happy shall I be.

Tempt me not with pageant power—
Give me not the miser's hoard;
May contentment cheer my bower,
And plenty deck my board.

The selfish wretch in pride may roll,
And viands cull from pole to pole;
My purse shall serve each kindred soul,
And set the hapless free.

These, when partial Fate has given—
These, with health to taste the store,
Earth itself becomes a heaven,
And nought to wish for more.

* The air is altered from one in an Italian opera.

EAST NUIK O' FIFE—SONG.

SHE.

ULD gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle;
A' the lang day ye are winkin', drinkin', gapin', gauntin';
O' sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl—
Ill-far'd, doited, ne'er-do-weel.

HE.

Hech, gudewife, ye're a flytin' body, flytin' body;
Will ye ha'e walth, troth! but gude be praised, the *Wit's* awantin';
The puttin' cow sou'd be aye a doddy, aye a doddy.
Mak na sic an awesome reel.

SHE.

Ye're a sow, auld man;
Ye get fou, auld man;
Fye shame, auld man,
To your wame, auld man;
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow,
A plack to clead ye're back and pow.

HE.

It's a lie, gudewife,
It's ye're tea, gudewife;
Na, na, gudewife—
Ye spend a', gudewife;
Dinna fa' on me pell-mell—
Ye like a drap fu' weel yersel.

SHE.

Ye's rue, auld gowk, yer jest and frolick, jest and frolick;
Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy?
In't werena just aiblins to cure the cholick, cure the cholick,
De'il a drap wad weet my mou'.

HE.

Troth, auld gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna swither,
Soon—soon to tak a cholick whan it brings a cappy;
But twa score o' years we ha'e fought thegither, fought thegither,
Time it is to 'gree, I trow.

SHE.

I'm wrang, auld John,
Ower lang, auld John,
For nought, gude John,
We ha'e fought, gude John;
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
We're far ower feckless now to fecht.

HE.

Ye're richt, gudewife,
The nicht, gudewife;
Our cup, gude Kate,
We'll sup, gude Kate;
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
And toom the stoup atween us twa.

JENNY'S BAWBEE—SONG.*

MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' lugs and faces lang;
I speer'd at neebour Bawldy Strang,
Wha's they I see?
Quo' he, "Ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel,
Thought himsel' cunnin' as the de'il,
And here they cam awa to steal
Jenny's bawbee."

The first, a Captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined and back weel clad,
March'd round the barn and by the shed,
And pap'd on his knee.
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my e'en;"
But de'il a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

* As this song has been very unfairly interpreted, the Author takes this opportunity of unequivocally disavowing any allusion to individuals. Let the blame rest with those who applied it and those who felt the application.

A lawyer neist, wi' blathrin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a'fee.
Accounts he had through a' the toon,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could droon;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup,
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, had the grup,
Or tie't till a tree.
What's gowd to me, I've walth o' lan',
Bestow, on ane o' worth, yer han'."
He thought to pay what he was *awn*
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce, frae ban'-boxes and tubs,
A THING cam neist, (but life has rubs),
Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,
Ah! wae's me!
A' clatty, squinting through a glass,
He girn'd "I' faith a bonny lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,
The soger no to strut sae big,
The lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool cry'd, "Te hee!
I kent that I could never fail!"
She prin'd the dish-clout till his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER—SONG.

AT Willie's wedding o' the green,
The lassies, bonnie witches,
Were busked out in aprons clean,
And snaw-white Sunday's mutches.
Auld Maysie bade the lads tak tent,
But Jock wad na believe her,
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For—Jenny dang the Weaver.

In ilka countra dance and reel
Wi' her he wad be babbin';
When she sat doun, then he sat doun,
And till her wad be gabbin';
Whare'er she gaed, or butt or ben,
The coof wad never leave her,
Aye cacklin' like a clockin' hen,
But—Jenny dang the Weaver.

Quo' he, "My lass, to speak my mind,
Gude haith, I needna swither,
Ye've bonny e'en, and gif ye're kind,
I needna court anither."
He humm'd and haw'd—the lass cried pheugh!
And bade the fool no deave her;
Then crack'd her thumb, and lap, and leugh,
And—dang the silly Weaver.

THE CHANGE OF EDINBURGH—SONG.

ECH! what a change ha'e we now in this toun!
A' now are braw lads—the lassies a' glancin';
Folk maun be dizzie gaun aye in the roun',
For de'il a haet's done now but feastin' and dancin'.

Gowd's no that scanty in ilk siller pock,
When ilka bit laddie maun hae his bit staigie;
But I ken't the day when there was nae a Jock
But trotted about upon honest shanks-naigie.

Little was stown then, and less gaed to waste,
Barely a mullin for mice or for rattens;
The thrifty housewife to the Flesh Market pac'd,
Her equipage a', just a gude pair o' pattens.

Folk were as good then, and friends were as leal,
Though coaches were scant, wi' their cattle a-cantrin';
Right air we were tel't by the housemaid or chiel,
Sir, an' ye please, here's—your lass and a lantern.

The town may be clouted and piec'd till it meets
A' neebours benorth and besouth without haltin',
Brigs may be biggit ow'r lums and ow'r streets—
The Nor-loch itsel' heaped heigh as the Calton.

But whar is true friendship? And whar will you see
A' that is gude, honest, modest, and thrifty?
Tak' grey hairs and wrinkles, and hirple wi' me,
And think on the seventeen hundred and fifty.

TO AN IRISH AIR—SONG.

By the late James Boswell, Esq.

ARGHAN CLANBRASSIL, how sweet is thy sound!
To my tender remembrance as Love's sacred ground;
For there Marg'ret Caroline first charm'd my sight,
And fill'd my young heart with a flutt'ring delight.

When I thought her my own, ah! too short seem'd the day
For a jaunt to Downpatrick, or a trip on the sea;
To express what I felt then all language were vain,
'Twas in truth what the poets have *studied* to feign.

But too late I found even she could deceive,
And nothing was left but to weep, sigh, and rave;
Distracted I fled from my dear native shore,
Resolved to see Larghan Clanbrassil no more.

Yet still in some moments enchanted I find
A ray of her fondness beam soft on my mind;
While thus in bless'd fancy my angel I see,
All the world is a Larghan Clanbrassil to me.

SHELAH O'NEAL—SONG.*

FT I went to her,
To sigh and to woo her;
Of mighty fine things did I say a great deal;
Above all the rest,
What still pleased her the best,
Was, "Och! will you marry me, Shelah O'Neal?"

My point I soon carried,
For fast we got married;
The weight o' my bargain I then 'gan to feel;
She scolded and sisted,
O! then I enlisted,
Left Ireland, and whisky, and Shelah O'Neal.

But tir'd and dull-hearted,
My corps I deserted,
And fled off to regions far distant from home,
To Frederick's army,
Where nought was to harm me,
Not the devil himself in the shape of a bomb.

I fought every battle,
Where cannon did rattle,
Felt sharp shot, alas! and their sharp-pointed steel;
But in all the wars round,
Thank my stars I ne'er found
Ought so sharp as thy tongue, O! curs'd Shelah O'Neal.

---

* The air composed by the Author.

SONG.

FREU'T EUCH DES LIBENS.*

CHORUS.

Taste life's glad moments
Whilst the wasting taper glows;
Pluck, ere it withers,
The quickly fading rose.

MAN blindly follows grief and care,
He seeks for thorns and finds his share,
Whilst vi'lets to the passing air
Unheeded shed their blossoms.

Chorus.

Though tim'rous nature veils her form,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm;
Yet, ah! how soft when lull'd the storm
The sun smiles forth at ev'n!

Chorus.

To him who Spleen and Envy flies,
And meek Contentment well can prize,
The humble plant a tree shall rise,
Which golden fruit will yield him.

Chorus.

* Translated at Leipsic in 1795. Several versions of this song have been published. If this is the least elegant, it is perhaps the most literal.

Who fosters Faith in upright breast,
And freely gives to the distress'd,
There shall Contentment build her nest,
And flutter round his bosom.

Chorus.

And when life's path grows dark and strait,
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then FRIENDSHIP, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.

Chorus.

She dries his tears—she strews his way,
Ev'n to the grave, with flow'rets gay,
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still increases.

Chorus.

Of Life she is the fairest band,
Joins brothers truly hand in hand;
Thus onward to a better land
Man journeys light and cheer'ly.

CHORUS.

Taste Life's glad moments
Whilst the wasting taper glows;
Pluck, ere it withers,
The quickly fading rose.

SONG.

AIR—"*Soger Laddie.*"

SHE.

COME rest ye here, Johnnie—what news frae the south?
Here's whey in a luggie to slocken yer drouth;
Our sogers are landed—my hopes are maist dieing;
I'm fear'd, John, to spier if my Jamie's in being.

HE.

Aye, troth, lass, they're landed, and norward they're comin',
In braw order marching, wi' fifing and drummin';
I felt my gray plaid, my cauld winter's warm happin',
To cheer their leal hearts wi' a gill and a chappin'.

Yer father's gude-brither, the sergeant, wi' glee
Pu'd a crown frae his pouch, and loud laughin', quo' he,
"Ye're ow'r auld to list, or ye'd rug *this* fast frae me.
Mair drink here!"

SHE.

But, John, O, nae news o' poor Jamie?

HE.

The deil's i' the lassie, there's nought in her noddle,
But Jamie—aye Jamie; she cares na ae boddle
For gray-headed heroes—Weel, what should I say now?
The chiel's safe and weel, and what mair wad ye hae now?

SHE.

He's weel! gude be prais'd, my dear laddie is weel!
Sic news! hech man, John, ye're a sonsie auld chiel!
I'm doited or daiz'd; it's fu' time I were rinnin',
The wark might be done or I think o' beginnin'.

I'll rin like a mawkin, and busk in my braws,
And link ow'r the hills whar the caller wind blaws,
And meet the dear lad wha was true to me ever,
And, dorty nae mair, O! I'll part wi' him never.

ON THE FIDELITY OF THE HIGHLANDERS IN THE REBELLION, 1745-6.

ATAL the cause to the sons of the hill,
Who rushed to the standard, the boast of a day;
More fatal the Captain,* whose merciless will
Bade sweep the bold chief and his vassals away.

Scotland, beloved for the blood of thy sons,
Ah! never again spread the heath-cover'd plain!
Thou stream of the mountain, that wandering runs,
Ah! never be purpled by faction again!

Ill-fated Stuart! thy hopes we bemoan;
Bold, rash, and ardent, deceived and elate,
The crown of your fathers you sought as your own,
Unaided by Britain, and thwarted by fate.

Disown'd by the land that your fathers had sway'd,
Ah! why didst thou rouse the calamitous flame?
In vain were the clans in thy legions array'd,
For victims they fell to a desperate claim.

* Alluding to the severities which were inflicted after the Battle of Culloden, altogether omitted in Home's "History of the Rebellion."

Fierce and untam'd, yet devoted to thee,
Proud that their death should their loyalty seal,
In the torrent of battle, the block, or the tree;
Though blind and mistaken, we honour their zeal.

The chieftain,* undaunted, press'd onward and fell,
Firm to the last, in the face of his clan;
The wandering hind did his duty as well,
And seeking thy safety did honour to man.

To virtue awake, to fidelity true;
Wealth with dishonour was spurn'd by the brave.
O Charles! while in pity we sorrow for you,
Exulting we'll think on Glenmorriston's† cave.

---

* Macdonald of Keppoch.

† The cave where seven Highlanders concealed Charles Stuart, and in disguise procured necessaries and information. Although fugitives, and in poverty, these seven had the nobleness of mind to prefer fidelity, to the man whom they considered as their Prince, to £30,000, the reward offered for his person.—*See Home's History.*

TO A GERMAN AIR—SONG.

H, life is but a dream!
Still from futurity we borrow
The pleasing hope of new delight;
The hours pass on, and coming night
Foretells that joy shall deck to-morrow:
It comes—we find, alas! in sorrow,
That life is but a dream.

DRINKING SONG.

WENN'S IMMER SO WAR.

ERE'S a toast—charge your glasses—your bumpers are out,
Then quick seize the bottle and push it about
Don't fill on a heel-tap, it is not decorous;
Like true thirsty souls let us drink what's before us,
Be it wine from the Rhine, France, Oporto, or Spain.
Ah! could we thus merry for ever remain!
For ever, for ever, for ever remain!

True topers drink all things from claret to ale;
The butt may be finish'd, but we'll never fail:
We'll ne'er pick a quarrel whatever the liquor;
If strong we'll drink slower, if weak we'll drink quicker;
Whate'er makes us merry we'll never disdain.
Ah! could we thus happy for ever remain!
For ever, for ever, for ever remain!

The Turks, who are ninnies, to drink never dare,
But with poisonous opium deaden their care;
In sleepy stupidity vie with each other,
And one napping Mussulman snores to his brother;
But we taste delight, not mere absence from pain.
Ah! may we thus happy for ever remain!
For ever, for ever, for ever remain!

BRAES OF OCHTERTYRE—SONG.

QUICK beats my fever'd brain,
Distraction shakes my wasting frame;
Dark seems the new day,
And darker still to-morrow;
Wild are the images
That rush upon me at *her* name;
Yet not a tear bedews this cheek,
So pale and wan with sorrow:

For low beneath yon grassy turf
Soft slumbers all I e'er could prize.
Death struck the dread blow,
And murder'd peace and pleasure:
Soon, ah soon this heart must break!
How keen these feelings agonize!
Lost for ever to my sight,
The grave holds my soul's treasure.

Time was, with joyful step
I hasten'd here at eventide;
Life fled too fleeting
The hours with her beguiling:
Mild shone the setting sun,
And ting'd with gold yon mountain's side;
Mild were his last rays
That smil'd on Mary smiling.

He set—and with him set those orbs
That beam'd serenity and love;
Cold grew that warm heart—
Ah, would that mine were colder!
With Mary perish'd ev'ry joy—
Peace beckons only from above.
The last sad wish this heart can frame,
Is here with her to moulder.

THE EXILE'S RETURN—SONG.

AIR—"*Loch Erroch Side.*"

ARSH is he who brands with shame
A loyal Scot's unsullied name;
True his heart and fair his fame,
Who now in dust is sleeping.
From Stuart's flow'd our wealth and pride—
My sire, on lov'd Loch Erroch Side,
The summons heard—he fought and died,
And left his orphan weeping.

Ah! had he liv'd to mark the fate
Of those who brav'd cool William's hate,
Then had he drank the dregs, though late,
Of sorrow's bitter potion.
Heir of misfortune, not disgrace,
Shame ne'er crimson'd o'er my face,
The lone, lost remnant of our race,
I cross'd the Western Ocean.

My fortunes bounteous heaven bless'd,
My wealth increased, lov'd and caress'd,
Yet still my soul in vain sought rest
Amidst these friends caressing.

To tread again my native shore,
To share with those I lov'd my store,
To see Loch Erroch Side once more,
Beam'd hope's benignest blessing.

Ah! little reck'd 'midst my fears,
The havoc of the lapse of years,
Since beggar'd, fatherless, in tears,
I hasten'd far from danger.
How false the picture fancy drew,
How chang'd those scenes that well I knew!
No friend is left—Scotland, adieu!
I am indeed a stranger.

CAPTAIN O'FLYN AND MISS DOLLY O'LYNN—DUET.

Ein mudchen oder werbchen.

CAPTAIN.

N charms of wit and beauty
My heart's too prone to doat;
But prudence, teaching duty,
Cries, Love won't boil the pot!
Oh! could I but hit on an heiress,
Who in some old Tabitha's care is,
I'd take her for better, for worse,
With money enough in her purse.

MISS.

The Captain is quite pleasing;
Pray who can say he's not?
But is it not quite teazing,
He is not worth a groat?
Oh! could I but hit on an Earl,
And in a gay equipage whirl,
I'd take him for better, for worse,
With money enough in his purse.

CAPTAIN.—Since Fate, then, is so cruel,
'Tis better far to part.
MISS.—Than ride, my dearest jewel,
Together in a—cart!
CAPTAIN.—What signifies making wry faces?
MISS.—Let's part in each other's good graces.
BOTH.—You never can hit on a worse,
For I have not a coin in my purse.

THE OLD CHIEFTAIN TO HIS SONS—SONG.

GUDE night, and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart.
May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw!
In sorrow may ye never part!

My spirit lives, but strength is gone;
The mountain fires now blaze in vain:
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha show'd himself a better man,
Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore?

But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our hardy fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be canty, but be gude and liel;
Yer ain ills aye ha'e heart to bear,
Anither's aye ha'e heart to feel.

So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine.
Gude night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

END OF PART I.

Edinburgh:

OR,

THE ANCIENT ROYALTY.

EDINBURGH;

OR,

THE ANCIENT ROYALTY:

A SKETCH

OF

FORMER MANNERS.

WITH NOTES.

BY SIMON GRAY.

PRISCA GONS MORTALIUM.—*Hor.*

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR MANNERS & MILLER,
BY J. JOHNSTONE, HIGH STREET.
1810.

DEDICATION

TO THE

CRAFTSMEN OF EDINBURGH.

THE following, although a trivial and very imperfect sketch of the almost forgotten manners of the Metropolis of Scotland, must be dedicated with peculiar propriety to you, who are, of all men, the most interested in her prosperity and splendour, and by whose efforts and skilful exertions Dun Edin—once confined to her rocky site—has "spread her white arms," and shines the unrivalled Queen of the North.

The Craftsmen of Edinburgh, in the worst of times, were conspicuous for their valour and their loyalty. Often have your ancient kings rested their best hopes on the Craftsmen of Edinburgh; and let it be remembered, to their eternal honour, that when a distracted and deluded people suffered daring zealots to trample on their sovereign, and drag the unfortunate Mary Stuart to a dungeon, the Craftsmen of Edinburgh, with generous indignation, meditated her rescue, and were

only lulled into forbearance by the deliberate falsehoods of the Rebel Lords.

The rapid progress of refinement in your Capital must afford heartfelt satisfaction to every patriotic breast. Your luxury and your dress are lampooned; but there is surely no essential virtue in slovenly filth or coarse vulgarity; and a good coat upon a Sunday, it is to be hoped, may cover as good a Christian as the worst that hangs in St. Mary's Wynd. Our churches, our chapels, and our meeting-houses are as much crowded as in the days even of John Knox. There is probably as much religion, and much more charity amongst us, for there seems to be more cheerfulness and less rancour. In spite of cotton mills, the frequent topic of severe invective, and the large distilleries, which are much more deserving of it, the population of Scotland has increased in fifty years by 400,000 souls, nearly one-third of its former amount. The enemies of Commerce deal out their apprehensions that we must become a degenerate people from the baneful influence of manufactures; but our Armies, crowned with never-fading laurels on the shores of Egypt, the plains of Maida, and the fields of Spain, have drawn many of their heroes from the looms of Manchester and Glasgow. Although, from my pursuits, my prepossessions are in favour of my own class, who, with the lark, attend

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,"

yet a celebrated poet, though verging to the brink of life, still a most ardent Volunteer, strutting with much complacency before his corps of artisans, exclaimed, "These are the lads! not one *clodhopper* among 'em." Whether clodhoppers or craftsmen, we can still do our duty; and our gallant Armies, and triumphant Navy, give pretty conclusive proof that we are not yet quite degenerated.

It ill befits an humble tiller of the ground to presume to obtrude his effusions on your notice. But I think the following sketch may perhaps amuse the aged among you, if they recognise in the picture the scenes of former days; and the younger may perhaps be gratified by the comparison, however faintly these scenes may be delineated. Old as I am, I trust I shall yet live to hear that you enjoy more comforts, and even more luxury; and that each succeeding hour affords another step in progressive improvement. May the Wealthy crowd your hospitable Town, and may our Country Gentlemen be more and more satisfied with the enjoyments which are afforded by the metropolis of their native country; and when Winter buries the beauties of the rural scene, may they still seek social mirth in Old Edina, and participate, in all the gratifications which learning, taste, and science can bestow.

Your most sincere Well-wisher,

SIMON GRAY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following production is one of those elegantly termed Ephemeral, or, vulgarly, a *Squib*.—While I pen my advertisement one-half of my vegetating work is not yet in existence; so that, to resume the pyrotechnical metaphor, my *match* is forming before my *firework*. Rapidity of composition marks genius: I must emulate, and keep the printer going. I cannot, however, repress my rising apprehensions that I shall be unable to swell my pages so as to make a book: for, notwithstanding all my projected *Notes*, I fear I shall cut but a pitiful figure in print, and be consigned to the pedlar's basket. Yet, as my ambition is not overweening, my disappointment must be correspondent. In the following pages I shall not attempt to be very moral, nor exceedingly didactic; nor shall I avail myself of the mixed dialects of English and Scotch, which, though they afford so many facilities in measure and in rhyme, are, I am told, not quite legitimate. I shall therefore endeavour to confine myself to that which, till the "Gentle Shepherd" once more awoke the Scottish reed, seemed to be

for ever the destined dialect of British Poesy. But while our latter Bards have wooed the Scottish Muse —and even *Robert Burns* is subject to the criticism— one-half of what has been written, by a slight alteration of vowels, and a few consonants added or subtracted, becomes plain English. Doctor *Jamieson* will tell you it is not Scotch; but it is a pleasing *melange*, which carries to the soul the sweetest sentiments, and we care not how we come by them. For the reasons above stated—good they are and cogent—it is impossible to give much account of what is to follow. I shall not, like some of my brethren, either propitiate or defy the Reviewers, deaf, alas! alike to the praise and abuse of an ephemeron. Vanity itself cannot hope that men of their gravity will stoop to lift a squib, and by an angry, although dignified toss prolong its short-lived glory. Hopeless of their proud and favourable testimony—nay, hopeless of being reviewed at all, unless *I attempt the task myself*—I throw myself, with all my faults, on the mercy of the Reader.

EDINBURGH;

OR,

THE ANCIENT ROYALTY:

A SKETCH.

TOWNSMAN.

YOU'RE welcome, Farmer, to our ancient town!
Here, take a chair, my friend, and sit you down.
You come in lucky hour; our dinner's hot,
And you must take a share of what we've got.
I say, again, you're welcome to Auld Reekie!—
Here are fresh herrings, and here's cock-a-leekie;
The market's near, and, as you are our guest,
A good beef-stake shall soon supply the rest.

FARMER.

I thank you; for I know you are sincere,
And freely give your hospitable cheer.
Your fare is excellent—far from the sea,
A bit of fish is luxury to me.

TOWNSMAN.

Luxury! name not that unhallowed phrase,*
The very word makes cynic ire to blaze.
Have you not heard how this, our hapless city—
Without reserve or common Christian pity—
For very luxury, "God save the mark!"
Is to the devil sent and regions dark;
Given to the sentence of harsh condemnation,
For the unheard-of crime of Imitation?
Those who have cash, it seems, come here to spend;
Folks, as their purses fill, their views extend;
And we, the Citizens, in part partaking,
Are guilty of the sin of merry-making.
A Poet, in ill-humour or in passion,
Phrenzied by change of Manners and *Town Fashion*,
Rails at the change, and summons poor Edina,
To mend her ways with terrible subpœna.

FARMER.

'Twas ever so, in each succeeding age;
To rail at present times is still the rage.
The sour and discontented ever growl,
All former days are fair, all present foul;
The rigid, never-smiling misanthrope,
Imbitters present good, and blasts our hope;

* Note i.

Prates of Corruption's overwhelming tide,
And, by invective, gratifies self-pride.
The times are changed, I own, and so are men;
Manners are changed, and still must change again.
Time was, the Wits of ANNA's golden age,*
Whose tyrant genius swayed the classic page,
With magic melody of powerful song
Awed into native nothingness the throng;
Inflated Impotence collapsed and shrunk,
Fretted unknown, or in oblivion sunk.
Few rhymsters then would dare the public view:
We could write doggrels, but could *burn* them too.
Now ev'ry bungler courts the public eye;
Hot-press'd he shines, and simple fools will buy;†
Deck'd in the gaudy trappings of the trade,
With graphic and with typographic aid,
Splendid in margin, cuts, and types, and ink,
In green to flourish, or to blush in pink.

TOWNSMAN.

You talk, my friend, with most surprising skill,
Whose days are pass'd remote, on dale and hill,
And seem even liberal sentiments to feel.
Soon shall we finish this, our good plain meal;
Well pleas'd, I then shall listen to your tale,
O'er bumpers, foaming high, of *Giles's* ale.

* Note ii. † Note iii.

FARMER.

I'm but a rustic: Far remov'd from harm,
I watch the culture of an ample farm.
Our neighbouring markets, and the price of grain,
The choice of stock, the likelihood of rain;
Ploughs, harrows, sheep, and oxen, are my care,
And my red-letter day some well-known fair.
To such as me, though wisdom is denied,*
We oft must chat around a warm fireside.
Old age is garrulous; I'm somewhat too,
When some old story rushes to my view.
These locks, you see, are gray; and guess, I ween,
That many a bleaching winter I have seen.
I studied for the Kirk,† and you must know,
Dwelt in your city forty years ago.
I love her yet—nor careless, prythee, deem
Your country guest to old EDINA'S theme.
I feel long slumbering academic fire
Wake in my veins, and flitting dreams inspire.
Old as I am, I'll mount on Fancy's wing,
And, like a dying Swan, I'll try to sing.‡
Let me then grasp, though in a feeble hand,
Like some old necromancer, Fancy's wand—
Thus, while I wave it round, all disappears
That Time and Art have done in Fifty years.
Hence every Dome that swells your Adam's fame,‖

* Note iv. † Note v. ‡ Note vi. ‖ Note vii.

Hence every street that bears some Royal name!
Fly, as before John Knox, each letter'd Saint,
Fly, ev'ry holy rogue, from stone and paint!
To non-existence either Bridge consigned,
Leave not on Fancy's eye a wreck behind.
Ye formal Squares and Parallels, begone!
Hailes and Craigleith, resume your mass of stone!

'Tis done—and lo! to greet the coming year,
See Barefoot's Parks in vernal pride appear;
Long broken walls enclose a narrow road
Which leads by Lady Di's retired abode;
The Nor-loch fills, and odour sweet exhales,
And neighbouring tan-pits scent the passing gales.
Fancy, once more, at thy divine command,
Within the Ancient Royalty I stand.
How the reviving scene my bosom soothes!
In Creech's rear, behold the Lucken-booths!
Beneath the Church's shadow, in the Craims,
See toys, and gloves, and pattens, for the dames;
And in mid-street, fit theme for laureate bard,
The proper Castle of the City Guard.
Perch'd on its breech, one cannon it could boast,
Which marked it for a military post.
Oft have I seen one of the gallant band
Beside that very cannon listless stand,
With arms across, upon its mouth recline,
And watch with care the hour that he might dine;

While o'er the semi-door his comrade hung,
Who, spite of soft Intreaty's witching tongue,
In durance held some rogue, in that black hole
Which might appal the most courageous soul:—
While, reckless of the bright Lochaber axe
The sable *Sootiman* would dust his sacks.

Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise,*
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies;
There, from the earth the labouring porters bear
The elements of fire and water high in air;
There, as you scale the steps, with toilsome tread,
The dripping barrel madifies your head;
Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
A rising porter greets you with his creel!
How recollections rush upon my mind,
Of Lady Stairs's Closs and Blackford's Wynd!
There lived our Nobles, and here Judges dwelt—
O that my muse in sympathy could melt!—
Here in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
The Lady gay received her gayer spark;
Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
Trembled at opening casements overhead;
But when in safety at her porch he trod,
He seiz'd the ring, and rasp'd the twisted rod.†
"No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
Link'd, six-a-row, six hours in Princes Street;"

* Note viii. † Note ix.

But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill;
Then at the Cross, each joined the motley mob—
"How are ye, Tam? and how's a' wi' ye, Bob?"
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired.
O'er draughts of wine the Beau would moan his love;*
O'er draughts of wine the Cit his bargain drove;
O'er draughts of wine the Writer penn'd the will;
And Legal Wisdom counsel'd o'er a *gill:*
White Wine and Marmalade was then the rage,
It sooth'd the youngster, and regal'd the sage.

Ye 'fashioned' youths, who while away the noon,
And balance, lightly, on a silver spoon
The trembling fragments of the amber pile—
Yes! o'er a glass of jelly whilst ye smile—
Blush for your flimsy and degenerate food!
With patriot palates seek your Country's good;
O call the ancient beverage in aid;
Call Virtue back—White Wine and Marmalade!

Then were the days of comfort and of glee!
When met to drink a *social cup of tea*—†
The chequer'd chairs, in seemly circle placed;
The Indian tray, with Indian china graced;
The red stone Tea-pot with its silver spout;
The Tea Spoons numbered,‡ and the tea *fill'd out!*

* Note x. † Note xi. ‡ Note xii.

Rich Whigs and Cookies *smoke* upon the board,
The best that Keir the baxter can afford.
Hapless the wight, who, with a lavish sup,
Empties too soon the lilliputian cup!
Tho' patience fails, and tho' with thirst he burns,
All—all must wait till the last cup returns.
That cup returned, now see the hostess ply
The tea-pot, measuring with equal eye;
To all again at once she grants the boon,
Dispensing her gunpowder by platoon.
They chat of dress (as ladies will) and cards,
And fifty friends within three hundred yards—
Or now they listen, all in merry glee,
While "Nancy Dawson," "Sandie o'er the lee,"
(Than foreign cadence surely sweeter far)
Ring on the jingling spinet or guitar.
The clogs are ready when the treat is o'er,
And many a blazing lanthorn leaves the door.

Then were the days of modesty and mien!
Stays for the fat, and *quilting* for the lean.*
The ribbon'd stomacher, in many a plait,
Upheld the chest and dignified the gait;
Some Venus, brightest planet of the train,
Moved in a lutstring halo, propped with cane.
Then the Assembly Closs received the Fair;
Order and elegance presided there;

* Note xiii.

Each gay Right Honourable had her place
To walk a minuet with becoming grace;
No racing to the dance with rival hurry—
Such was thy sway, O fam'd *Miss Nicky Murray!**
Each Lady's fan a chosen Damon bore,
With care selected many a day before;
For, unprovided with a favourite beau,
The nymph, chagrined, the ball must needs forego;
But, previous matters to her taste arranged,
Certes, the constant couple never changed;
Through a long night to watch fair Delia's will,
The same dull swain was at her elbow still.

TOWNSMAN.

But, prythee, paint the Parent's anxious aid,
Which rear'd the honest man and virtuous maid;
The cautious nurture of the youthful mind,
By precepts guided, purified, refined.

FARMER.

Yes! mark the Street, for youth the great resort,†
Its spacious width the theatre of sport;
There the young scavenger and youthful lord
Pour forth infantine smut in sweet accord;
To every secret haunt with speed they flie,
Or watch with listening ear the scream, *Hie spie.*

---

* Note xiv. † Note xv.

There, 'midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven,
Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given;
Far-stooping porters, tott'ring under coals,
In Scots Celtic accents, "*Tam their souls!*"
There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalk'd,
Defac'd, renewed—delayed, but never baulk'd;
There, romping miss the rounded slate may drop,
And kick it out with persevering hop,
Till her associates in the froward game
Hie to the filthy cellars whence they came.
There, in the dirty current of the *strand*,*
Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
And wading through the puddle with slow pace,
Watch in solicitude the doubtful race!—
And there, an active band, with frequent boast,
Vault in succession o'er each wooden post.
Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,
Heads the array, and rules the mimic fight.
From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,
Unheeded broken heads and broken bones;
The rival hosts in close engagement mix,
Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks,
The *Bicker* rages,† till some Mother's fears
Ring a sad story in a Bailie's ears.
Her prayer is heard; the order quick is sped,
And from that corps, which hapless Porteous led,
A brave detachment, probably of two,

* Note xvi. † Note xvii.

Rush like two kites upon the warlike crew,
Who, struggling, like the fabled frogs and mice,
Are pounced upon, and carried in a trice.
But, mark that motley group in various garb—
There Vice begins to form her rankling barb,
The germ of Gambling sprouts in *pitch* and *toss*,
And brawl, successive, tells disputed loss.
From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass,
And, every copper gone, they fly to *brass*.
Those polish'd rounds which decorate the coat,
And brilliant shine upon some youth of note,
Offspring of Birmingham's creative art,
Now from the faithful button-holes depart.
To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield,
And Enterprise again essays the field.
So, when a few fleet years of his short span
Have ripen'd this dire passion in the Man,
When thousand after thousand takes its flight,
In the short circuit of one wretched night,
Next shall the honours of the forest fall,
And ruin desolate the Chieftain's hall;
Hill after hill some cunning clerk shall gain,*
Then, in a mendicant, behold a THANE!

The spell dissolves, delusion melts away,
And we awaken to the present day.

---

* Note xviii.

The City grows and spreads on every side,
In all the honour of masonic pride.
From narrow lanes, where Pestilence was spent,
Now emigrate the Squire and thriving Gent,
To spacious mansions, elegant or neat,
Where sweeping breezes ventilate each street,
And where expanding, fanciful and free,
The rising City stretches to the Sea.
Blest be the change! May each succeeding day
Shine on your labours with propitious ray!
Ye busy Craftsmen of my native Town,
Oh that a wish could draw a blessing down!
Then should my feeble, untaught hand aspire
To strike an anthem on an humble lyre.

TOWNSMAN.

Your picture seems so true, excuse me, now;
'Tis pity you were destined to the plough.
Ah! had you linger'd within Learning's pale,
And scorn'd, unknown, to follow a plough's tail,
Some Monthly Magazine might own your aid,
The reader gratified, the bard well paid.—
The moral's obvious: though ages pass,
Still Folly's visage meets us in the glass;
Tho' she may change her with the changing moon,
With all the varied skill of a buffoon,
To every age Fate gives its proper measure,
To blind the sage, and lead the man of pleasure.

'Tis vain to be fastidious, and too nice;
Folly, while only folly, free from vice,
May vex the Puritan's sepulchral soul,
But still must form a *Part* of one great *Whole*.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

"Luxury! name not that unhallowed phrase."

In a late anonymous publication the Author, in what he considers *satirical* verses, attacks the luxurious habits of the present generation of "*fashioned* youth." It is fair to confess that, decoyed by the title-page, we skimmed the pages; and though we may give credit to the Author's sincerity and good intentions, it is hardly necessary to say that we are less inclined to admire either his taste, genius, or judgment. Instead of frequent *pot-luck* enjoyments, it seems folks, now-a-days, regale their friends with a feast, which, if as seldom attempted as the Author paints, cannot induce bankruptcy. The dress of the inhabitants is certainly very much improved; and excepting, now and then, some foppish shopman, there seems no absurd extravagance amongst the trades' people of Edinburgh.

NOTE II.

"Time was, the Wits of Anna's golden age."

The Author seems here to be a little infected with the disposition to cant against the moderns. It is far from our inclination to decry the exertions of those who contribute to the innocent

amusement of mankind. There is surely, however, too copious a discharge of sonnets, ballads, and light poetry, at once frivolous and injurious, inasmuch as they tend to deprave the public taste. The answer is obvious: The public is the best judge of what can please and what deserves to be admired—be it so.—Nothing is left for the discomfited critic but a shrug of regret.

NOTE III.

"Hot-press'd he shines, and simple fools will buy."

Is it fit subject for censure that the typographic art has attained such general perfection? Certainly not. But is it unreasonable to expect that a work should stand the test of public opinion before so much ornament is lavished upon it? It affords encouragement to the artist, indeed, who labours to *illustrate* works not easily illustrated otherwise; and volumes may be preserved and valued for the *cuts*. Besides, as libraries are become part of the tasteful decoration of a house, none but handsome books are in request. A young man of fashion who had become suddenly a book collector—of those only indeed clothed in Russia or Morocco—was accosted at a sale by a disappointed scholar, whose purse could not maintain the contest, "What, sir, are *you* become a collector?" "Yes," replied the other, "to be sure; don't you know that I have a library sixty feet long?"

NOTE IV.

"To such as me, though wisdom is denied."

In proof of the inability of us poor farmers for sapient disquisition, let us listen to the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach: "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and

whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows, and is diligent to give the kine fodder."—Ecclesiasticus, chap. xxxviii. v. 25, 26. Intelligence, however, is spreading amongst us, and larger farms admit of our exerting our minds as well as our bodies.

NOTE V.

"*I studied for the Kirk,*" &c.

This accounts for the smattering of versification which the Author has retained, and for his skill in alluding to the severe sentence in the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach.

NOTE VI.

"*And, like a dying Swan, I'll try to sing.*"

The song of a dying swan is so seldom heard that the similitude is not likely to be roughly questioned. If not quite as musical, the Author may render this song correct in another point by making it his last.

NOTE VII.

"*Hence every Dome that swells your Adam's fame.*"

The celebrated architect; but who, in his plans for the city, has not befriended the glazier quite so much as modern taste requires.

NOTE VIII.

"*Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise.*"

The inconvenience of the lofty mansions of ancient Edinburgh is severely felt by the inhabitants, who, as they approach the

clouds, are heavily taxed for the transport of the necessaries of life which are drawn from the lower world. And it is not to be marvelled at that lazy menials should have availed themselves of an open window, when opposed to the laborious duty of descending and re-ascending some hundreds of steps, to deposit on the pavement those incumbrances which were sure to reach their destination by the shorter process. Our neighbours of the South may spare their grins; for this part of the science of projectiles was once as much practised in famous London town—a fact upon record. At the same time, it is most deeply to be regretted that the abominable system of common stairs has been allowed to contaminate the Extended Royalty. While the protection of the ramparts was indispensable, it was pardonable to heap house upon house to accommodate the increasing population within their limits; but it is to be hoped that we shall see no more of these nuisances created in our days.

NOTE IX.

"*He seiz'd the ring, and rasp'd the twisted rod.*"

This mode of demanding admittance we believe to be peculiar to Edinburgh, and exists at this moment on many a door within the Ancient Royalty. The boasted tattoo of a London footman is nothing when compared with this concentrated series of rapid and minute pulsations.

NOTE X.

"*O'er draughts of wine,*" &c.

See Arnot's "History of Edinburgh," where this custom is particularly mentioned, but is said entirely to have ceased before the year 1770. The white wine and marmalade appointments

had indeed fallen into disuse, but it was certainly still common to transact business at a tavern where a bottle of wine was friend and arbitrator.

NOTE XI.

"When met to drink a social cup of tea."

This old custom is more to be regretted in its demise than perhaps any other that can be mentioned. It was an easy means of bringing together many pleasant people, without much previous preparation and without formality. When fifty friends lived within 300 yards of each other, they were soon invited and as easily collected. It was the sole recompense for crowded population and common stairs. The Tea Parties were those chiefly in which the Ladies partook. There was, indeed, occasionally a supper; but that was a matter of no light consideration. The men flew to the Tavern for social intercourse, for luxury, and for debauchery. Clubs without number were instituted, and most faithfully attended. Some of them have even survived to this day. The Tea Parties, as they then existed, were the resort of all who wished for elegant and cordial intercourse.

NOTE XII.

"The Tea Spoons numbered," &c.

This precaution of numbering the spoons enabled the attentive hostess to return to each guest the cup that had already kissed the lip, a gratification to squeamish fancies which cannot be hoped for now-a-days, when the slop is conducted behind the curtain.

NOTE XIII.

"Stays for the fat, and quilting for the lean."

A note upon female dress is a daring attempt. But in sober seriousness, does any rational man harbour for a moment the

wish to send back the persons of our lovely women to be tortured, by laborious and athletic lacing, into an unnatural and preposterous tenuity? We hear much of *modern* nakedness; but look at the portraits of the grandmothers of the present generation —there the exemplary Dames have very demurely exhibited, as the Painter's model, more, I presume, than even the boldest and most *dashing* of the present day venture to offer to the transient gaze. The transition from spacious hoops and quilting,, to what are fancifully termed invisible petticoats, is a violent change indeed. But which is the most becoming the human form, and which the most deserving topic for ridicule and admonitory satire? The snowy garments which float upon the breeze are a happy contrast to the *dark prints* on which our thrifty Matrons used to lavish the pleasing encomium, "*that they kept so long clean.*"

NOTE XIV.

"*Such was thy sway, O fam'd Miss Nicky Murray!*"

Of this renowned Mistress of the Ceremonies, what avails it to tell the present generation, although their grandmothers cannot have forgot her, and those among them that were handsome, doubtless remember with complacency the preference she gave to a *Beauty*, without forgetting the rules of titled precedence.

NOTE XV.

"*Yes! mark the Street,*" &c.

The Author certainly does not mean to slander the paternal care of your Progenitors, but merely endeavours to show that there *was* neglect, as there still *is* neglect in those who forgot and who do forget their duty. The company of the idle and profligate of the lowest class must have proved injurious to those of

a better station; for what constitutes the Gentleman but the utter estrangement from every mean idea? The low-born man who attains that, towers above the grovelling Lord who forgets his station and himself, and is welcomed in society. That such association was permitted, the recollection of numbers must bear testimony. All were not lost, but many sunk. From the present habits of society, this evil is much amended; and it is no longer a boast to be a blackguard.

NOTE XVI.

"*There, in the dirty current,*" &c.

We cannot help remarking the almost instinctive love for the Course which has ever existed in Scotland, although the excessive decorum of our Reformation, which banished all amusements, checked even the panting inclination for the sports of the field. Our neighbours of the South owe the *Vice* of horse-racing, and the attendant merit of breeding the noblest of the noblest of animals, to us of Caledonia. Gambling is not an essential in the Course, though men may stake their money on that as they may upon any other event. There is no doubt, however, that the love of the course has long been depressed and decried in Scotland, although our poets and preachers avail themselves of the simile with unabated ardour. The author of a late publication, called "Town Fashions," with our native love for sport, but with that ignorance which its disuse has brought amongst us, gives the following specimen of his skill in Horsemanship:—

"Why dwell on Fashions? Who can stay their course?
Think you to check them as you would your horse?
Pull as you will, in spite of curb and *whip*,
The *jades* will on, and take their five-bar leap."

In proof of the antiquity of Horse-racing amongst us, I subjoin two advertisements taken from the "Mercurius Caledonius," a journal published in Edinburgh in the year 1661:—

"March 22nd, 1661.

"The horse race of Lanerk, institute by King William above 600 years since, but obstructed these 23 years by the iniquity of the times, is now restored by Sir John Wilkie of Fouldon, as being loath so ancient a foundation should perish, and for that effect he hath given *gratis* a piece of plate of the accustomed value, with a silver bell and saddle to the second and third horse. It is to be run on the third Tuesday of May."

"March 8th, 1661.

"The famous Horse Course of Coupar in Fife, which by the iniquity of the times hath been so long buried, to the great dissatisfaction of our Nobility and Gentry, is to be run, conform to the institution, upon the second Tuesday of April. There is a considerable number of horses to carry on the work of the day; among others a Waywood of Polonia hath a Tartarian horse. This noble Gentleman was pleased to come to this Nation to congratulate our happy Restoration; and it is to be desired that such curious Gallants as come from Foreign Nations, to see the Course, that they do not, as others formerly did, sleep in the time of the solemnity."

NOTE XVII.

"*The Bicker rages*," &c.

In this barbarous amusement, in which lives were sometimes lost, there was much to reprobate, and something to admire. It was almost Spartan; but everything Spartan, although it might form the soldier, stifled every valuable sentiment but proud resistance.

NOTE XVIII.

"*Hill after hill some cunning clerk*," &c.

That prudence and successful application should have their reward is both reasonable and desirable; but it is marvellous to see how large a portion of the landed property devolves upon one class of our citizens. It is said that an *old Laird* thus expressed himself in an agony of apprehension and chagrin:—"A' our auld neighbours are awa! If I look east or west, there's a *Vriter*—if I look north or south, there's a Vriter. Guid faith, I'll mak' our Jock a Vriter; no that the poor silly lad will mak' muckle o't, but it will aiblins help to *ha'd the laive aff him*."

Clan-Alpin's Vow:

A FRAGMENT.

CLAN-ALPIN'S VOW:

A FRAGMENT.

BY

ALEXANDER BOSWELL, ESQ.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY GEORGE RAMSAY & COY.
1811.

The narrative on which the following is founded, the Author met with in an Abstract of the proceedings of the Privy Council of Scotland for the year 1589, and it is given verbatim in the first Note which follows this metrical attempt.

CLAN-ALPIN'S VOW.

PART FIRST.

THE parting look, the parting tear,
The loud acclaim that stunned the ear,
The thundering cannon's broken roar,
Rebellowed from the Swedish shore,
Were past; and Cronenberg was mute,
That erst poured forth the harsh salute;
And not a sound upon the breeze
Was wafted to the German Seas.
Tower after tower forsook the eye,
And melting, mingled with the sky;
And twilight threw her veil of grey
On landmark, headland, and on bay;
The mountains faded from the sight,
The dubious landscape sank in night;
When Anne to Denmark bade adieu,
While sorrow dimmed her eyes of blue;

Willing to go, yet loth to part,
Hope soothed, while memory wrung her heart.

A shallop light the tidings bore,
With straining sail, to Scotland's shore:
The joyful news spread far and wide,
From Tweed to Tay, from Forth to Clyde;
And barons bold, and ladies gay,
Bethought them of the rich array,
The chain of gold, the jewel rare,
The orient pearl to braid the hair,
And costly rubies fair to see,
In chettoŭns of rich filligree.
From every vassal of the crown,
From landward and from borough town,
The largess came to grace, withal,
King James's nuptial festival.

And said Lord Drummond of Strathern,—
"Spite of Clan-Alpin, stark and stern,
Glenartney's bounds may well afford
An offering for Glenartney's Lord;
And noble Danes shall feast their fill,
On ven'son from the Highland hill."—
Then mildly smiled around on all,
The brave and gay, that graced his hall;
And glancing kind from side to side—
"A health," he cried, "to James's bride."—

The heart of Margaret, at the word,
Sank like a stricken, fluttering bird:
She, too, a bride, and idle eye
Might mark her blush, and timorous sigh,
For Maurice, her betroth'd, was nigh.—
"Maurice," Lord Drummond said, "full well
Thou know'st the forest, bank, and dell,
And seldom visit them in vain;
For not a huntsman of my train
But owns that thou, in speed and skill,
Surpass the best on Highland hill."
Young Maurice heard with eyes half-raised;
He vowed his skill was over-praised,
But what he had of head or hand,
The forester might well command.—
"To-morrow, then," Lord Drummond cried,
"Seek with the sun Glenartney's side.
The King shall know whose ready care,
Welcomes the Queen, and mends the fare."
"Even now," said Maurice, "I'll begone,
For, ere the tedious journey's done,
The sun may ride above the hill,
And all my high-emblazoned skill,
From hazle-brake, or bank of fern,
May fail to bring a deer to Ern."—
He bowed, and left the banquet-hall;
He saw not Margaret lifeless fall,
Nor saw Lord Drummond, in alarm,

Pillow her head upon his arm.—
With hurried step he onward press'd,
Roused the dull grooms from early rest,
And led the shaggy gaze-hounds forth;
And better never scoured the north.
Not Fingal, for the mountain chase,
Could boast a stouter, fleeter race.
And long he urged, but urged in vain,
To needful speed the hunter train,
Who relished not the midnight cheer
Of mossy couch, Clan-Alpin near.
But every plea of slow delay
Exhausted, forth they took their way,
And murmured at the half-filled moon,
Yet thanked their fortune for that boon;
For as they moved, in showers around,
The crisped leaves pattered on the ground;
And, while they thought on mountain thieves,
'Twas well to know these were but leaves.

Now, on the broad and winding path,
Which led their footsteps through the Strath,
While love within his bosom burned,
Back on the castle Maurice turned;
And as his eager glance he sent
Upon the western battlement,
A form etherial struck his eye,
Like seraph in the azure sky,

The well-known signal met his view,
And Margaret waved a sad adieu.
Adieu, he said, and breathed a sigh;
Unwonted tears bedimmed his eye,
And o'er his face and o'er his frame
He felt the artless glow of shame;
And blessed the darkness that concealed
The tribute that his heart must yield.
And while he lingered for a space,
Deep wrapt, and willing to retrace
Scenes of delight for ever gone,
The hunter train moved slowly on,
And loitered on their cheerless way.
The rugged road through thickets lay;
And much of courtesy was shewn,
Who first should tread the path unknown,
Till Maurice, chafing, forward ran,
Chid the poltroons, and led the van.

And now they left Strathern behind,
Devious the track, and hard to find.
And, rising from the fertile vale,
The moon's pale beam began to fail.
Slowly the silver orb of night,
Shrouded in clouds, withdrew her light,
And not the length of horseman's lance,
The troop, bewildered, could advance.
Stretched on the ground, in groups they lay,

Waiting the early dawn of day.
Soon as the first faint gleam was given,
Reflected from the arch of heaven,
Young Maurice urged them to pursue
Their toil, and brush away the dew
That fell on fern and seedling tree,
On heather bush and bilberry.
And now they heard on every side
The cockering heath-fowl woo his bride;
And rival champions on the wing,
From heathy knoll and mossy spring;
And when the skylark welcomed day,
Glenartney's wilds before them lay.

Maurice to each his task assigned,
But bade them lurk awhile behind;
For now he eager longed to know
The success of his English bow,
And, crouching low, his path he took
Among the pebbles of the brook,
And shunned the stones with cautious tread,
Where slimy, slippery weeds were spread,
Lest stumbling step, or dashing spray
Might scare the startled herd away.
When sudden bursting from the wood,
Fierce Eachine Deargh before him stood.
His frizzled locks, of glaring red,
Around his rigid features spread—

Features, by fervid passion sway'd,
Where never soft emotion played.
"Ha! gentle Maurice, art thou here
To chase Glenartney's bounding deer?
I know thee well—thy sunshine lord
Loves such as thee around his board.
Back, stripling, to his sheltering tower,
Nor here provoke Clan-Alpin's power!"
"Vain boaster!" Maurice quick replied,
With knitting front, and glow of pride—
"Thou rudest of a savage tribe!
I spurn thy threat and scorn thy gibe!"
"Hence!" his fierce foe rejoined; "depart,
Or my good blade must reach thy heart!"
"Thy blade and thee I do defy,"
Cried Maurice; "And if one must die,
Approach me but a cloth-yard's space,
Crave not of me, but heaven, grace."
And to the head the shaft he drew.
Eachine advanced—the arrow flew,
And on the target's edge it rung,
Across his guarded bosom flung,
And, glancing from the studded hide,
Grazed lightly on his brawny side.
Onward, in rage, he furious pressed,
Plung'd deep his sword in Maurice' breast;
Then high he raised the reeking blade;
Maurice a faint halloo essayed;

With gathered force the weapon sunk—
The muttering head flew from the trunk.
And now Lord Drummond's men alarmed,
With bow, and spear, and hackbut armed,
Searching each bush and craggy nook,
Followed the channel of the brook;
Red Eachine heard the thickening tread,
And stooping, seized the lifeless head,
And firm he grasped a gory lock.
Then, bounding light from rock to rock,
O'er tangled bush, and broken root,
He bade defiance to pursuit.
The hunter train his form descried,
Scaling aloft the mountain side;
From matchlock, and from twanging yew,
The bullets whizzed, the arrows flew;
But onward still he bore away,
With rapid step, the bloody prey;
And over hill, and bog, and moor,
Skilful he held the pathway sure,
And left behind the dark ravine,
The dashing stream, the meadow green,
The willow bank, and copse-wood bower,
And reached dark Invercharnock Tower.
Then to the gate. Prepared for foes,
The huge portcullis slowly rose:
Then to his chieftain in the court—
His speech was quick, his story short—

He stretched the lifeless head to view;
Bowed to his chief with homage due.
There stepped not other, foe or friend,
To whom that haughty neck might bend.
And as he sought his tale to close,
His visage beamed, his utterance rose:—
"For this my fierce and sudden blow
Shall evil on Clan-Alpin flow,
And new pretext at Court be found
To summon hostile bands around?
The deed is mine—I brave their hate;
I scorn the tortures that await.
For thee, my chief, I raised my steel,
And let my life my duty seal."

Fire flashed from Malcolm's frenzied eye:—
"A dog's death shall a warrior die!
Sooner may vital vigour part
From this my throbbing, bursting heart,
If Alpin's son his soul must yield,
By heaven, it shall be in the field!
And well fought shall that battle be
That robs Clan-Alpin's chief of thee.
Rouse, rouse the clan—call forth our men
From every deep and rocky glen!
Let pibrochs sound on hill and lee,
The hurried, thrilling Chanalie.*

* *Chanalie*, the Gathering.

Let those, who faith and honour prize,
Step forth bedecked in warlike guise,
And every coward hide his face.
Balquhidder Kirk the meeting-place.
Gaze not! the place seems strange and new,
But we have solemn deeds to do."

CLAN-ALPIN'S VOW.

PART SECOND.

THE early morn, in sober gray,
Had ushered in the holy day;
The busy buz of man was still,
In crowded glen and on the hill;
The face of Nature, sunk in peace,
Bade violence and rapine cease.
The birds of heaven, as if aware,
Man's dreaded presence seemed to dare;
On glade and mead, on herb and tree,
All was attuned to harmony.
But, ere the eastern sun rose high,
Dark lowered the cloud-encumbered sky,
And scarce a beam could pierce the gloom,
To gild awhile the heather-bloom;
Save when a transient flitting light
Passed swiftly o'er the mountain height,
And thence descending to the hill,
Left the huge mountain darker still.

And now the straining eye could mark
Black specks emerging from the dark,
On the long level of the heath,
Or on the hill or glen beneath.
From every airth, on every hand,
With quickening step band pressed on band,
And as they thickened and drew near,
Faint pibrochs struck the listening ear.
Louder and louder swelled the sound,
The Chanalie was heard around,
And gave to rocky depths afar
The warning of awakened war.
A signal given, with heavy tread
O'er the green hillocks of the dead
They moved; from north, and east, and west,
Mingled through crowded porch they pressed;
All armed for battle, full of zeal,
In haberschons and caps of steel,
And hektons tough; the spear they bore,
The target and the huge claymore;
Darlochs there were, for distant fray,
For battlement or turret gray;
And, for the close and fierce debate,
The dirk, the harbinger of fate.
And on they moved in rapid tide,
And ranged themselves on either side;
And ever as the first gave place,
The crowd flowed on and filled the space.

And such a rude, unhallowed din
Was never heard those walls within;
And through the lozenged windows, light
Fell not before on such a sight.
And not a holy priest was there,
To swell the praise and guide the prayer.
But Malcolm, in his harness cased,
Close by the altar step was placed,
And o'er that altar's sacred side
Clan-Alpin's banner hung in pride.
The chief, with air of high command,
Rose on his seat and waved his hand;
'Twas silence all, and not a breath,
As in the lonely vault of death.

"Shall we forget from whence we sprung,
The songs of war our bards have sung,
The tide of glory flowing on,
From age to age, from sire to son?
Or yield to this despotic sway
That slowly steals our name away?

"Let courtiers bend their supple backs,
For parchment-rights and dangling wax,
By royal mandate call them lords,—
We bear our charters in our swords;
Daring we are, 'tis true, and rough,
Our blades are sharp, our spears are tough,

And faithless foemen fear or feel
The vengeance of Clan-Alpin's steel.
The puny robbers tread, in vain,
Our hills; we drive them back again;
And if to flout them to their beards,
We sweep their barn-yards, flocks, and herds,
Some dastard knave, some babe of fear,
Rounds it in easy James's ear,
Insidiously, in language mild,
And paints us lawless, cruel, wild,
Oppressors of the weak and good,
Untameable, and men of blood.
Forth hies a dizen'd herald straight,
To market-cross and castle-gate,
And thunders fire, and sword, and shame,
On all who boast Clan-Alpin's name.
Treason is bandied, and anon,
The curs are packed and hunted on
To bay the lion in his lair,—
By royal grant our lands they share.
Thus, by foul plan and licensed theft,
Glenlyon gone, Glenurchy reft!
And shall we tamely, day by day,
Yield hill, and heath, and glen away?

"Owes James to simpering parasites,
Imperial crown and princely rights;
Or to his clerks, in cowl and hood,

That now he sits in Halyrude?
Curst be the pedantry of school!
Would thus our Scottish monarch rule
O'er dastard slaves, debased and low,
Whose blood, in sluggish lingering flow,
May stagnate ere they strike a blow?—
Shall we, to soothe a silk-clad chief,
Forswear the bow and feathered sheaf;
The soul of fire, the arm of power,
Proud Victory's exulting hour;
The brawny limb, that scales the steep,
Or reckless plunges in the deep,
When melting snows come rolling fast,
And shivering Saxons gaze aghast;
Claymore and target cast away,
In servile task-work wear the day;
Barter the chase and mountain joy,
For mean and womanish employ?"

Around an angry murmur ran,
And kindling wrath, from man to man,
Flew like the flame that wastes the moor;
Again the chief, "What fiends allure
Our monarch's unsuspecting heart,
To play with us the tyrant's part,
While villains wither in his ears
The service of a thousand years.—

"Our bards have sung, and well we know

That, full five hundred years ago,
King Malcolm, hunting near Mamlorn,
By ardour of the chase, was borne
Aloof from all his spearmen bold:
A bristled savage, from his hold
Roused by the noise, with sudden spring,
Launched side-long at our Scottish King,
And, while he struggled with the boar,
Clan-Alpin's chief, Sir Callum More,
Rushed forward to his prince's side.
Een do, spair nocht, King Malcolm cried.
Callum uptore a rooted oak,
And, warding off the deadly stroke,
The moment watched, with ready art,
And plunged the dagger in his heart;
Then to the king, as offering meet,
Flung the huge carcase at his feet.
Mark, then, upon that altar spread,
The banner of the mighty dead:
On argent-field, the sword in bend,
The crown that it could well defend;
Th' uprooted oak, too, in its place,
The proud pretence of Malcolm's race;
The emblem of its ruin, too,
Unless our hearts are firm and true;
Together stand, together fall—
The fate of one, the fate of all.

"An upstart, of Hungarian breed,
Covets our birthright, and the meed
Of gallant deeds and fair renown,
By many a hero handed down:
And now, to swell his pampered pride,
Must drive, forsooth, Glenartney's side.
But let that mighty baron learn,
This doughty Steward of Strathern,
His dream may be of startled deer;
Awake he'll find Clan-Alpin here.

"Long ere yester sun's first gleam
Had darted on the mountain stream,
Or the hoarse raven, for the hills,
Had shook his plumes and trimmed his quills,
Lord Drummond's men were on their way;
Brave Eachine Deargh in ambush lay—
Brave Eachine Deargh, of all the clan,
Steps there a braver, better man?
Beneath the rock where Eachine slept,
Lord Drummond's minion, Maurice, crept,
To shun the herd and gain the wind—
His villains tarried far behind.
Eachine aroused, in parley short,
With angry word forbade the sport;
The angry word came back again;
The fight was short and Maurice slain.
Eachine did well!—a foeman bled!

And shall upon his gallant head
The fury of the courtiers light—
Who vindicates Clan-Alpin's right?"
The chief arose; with rapid stride
He gained the sacred altar's side,
Where many a penitent had knelt,
And keen remorse had deeply felt,
And pardon asked of pitying heaven,
And meekly hoped that pardon given.
In Malcolm's soul rage uncontrolled
Held its wild sway; his eyeballs rolled;
He cast a furious glance around,
Struck his claymore upon the ground,
And pausing, on the banner gazed;
Then cried in scorn, with finger raised—
"This was the boon of Scotland's king!"
And, with a quick and angry fling,
Tossing the pageant screen away—
The dead man's head before him lay.
Unmoved he scanned the visage o'er,
The clotted locks were dark with gore,
The features with convulsion grim,
The eyes contorted, sunk, and dim.
But unappalled, in angry mood,
With lowering brow, unmoved he stood.
Upon the head his bared right hand
He laid, the other grasped his brand;
Then kneeling, cried—"To heaven I swear

This deed of death I own and share;
As truly, fully mine, as though
This my right hand had dealt the blow.
Come then, our foemen—one, come all;
If to revenge this caitiff's fall,
One blade is bared—one bow is drawn,
Mine everlasting peace I pawn,
To claim from them, or claim from him,
In retribution, limb for limb.
In sudden fray or open strife,
This steel shall render life for life."

He ceased; and at his beckoning nod,
The clansmen to the altar trod;
And not a whisper breathed around,
And nought was heard of mortal sound,
Save from the clanking arms they bore,
That rattled on the marble floor;
And each, as he approached in haste,
Upon the scalp his right hand placed:
With livid lips and gathered brow,
Each uttered in his turn his vow.

Fierce Malcolm watched the passing scene,
And searched them through with glances keen,
Then dashed a tear-drop from his eye—
Unbid it came—he knew not why.

Exulting high, he towering stood:
"Kinsmen," he cried, "of Alpin's blood,
And worthy of Clan-Alpin's name,
Unstained by cowardice and shame!
Een do, spair nocht, in time of ill,
Shall be Clan-Alpin's legend still."

NOTE.

[Five elaborate Notes are appended to the foregoing Poem; but as they exclusively refer to incidents connected with the marriage of James the Sixth to Anne of Denmark, on the eve of which ceremony the tragedy occurred, the first only is reproduced as having a special bearing upon the metrical narrative.]

It is not my wish to give an air of importance to a trifle, which owed its existence to the sudden impression created by the perusal of that narrative which I have subjoined, and which was written with corresponding precipitancy. But as I felt interested myself by this most singular record of the state of society at that time, I think I may be pardoned for giving a few quotations from an abstract of the proceedings of the Privy Council of Scotland, from 1562 to 1684, which is in my possession. These quotations, although not strictly applicable to this story, are connected with it, and give some curious traits.

The genealogist of the Macalpins and Macgregors tells us, in the Baronage of Scotland, that in common with the other descendants of King Alpin, they considered themselves as one people; and that those who had previously assumed the name of Macalpin, doubtless to propitiate the aid of the more numerous Macgregors,

adopted their name, and were thus united to that clan, and all distinction was lost.

Of this peculiar tribe of Highlanders, it is now hopeless to attempt to gather any satisfactory information; and were it possible, the success would probably ill requite the labour. It appears, however, that in an age remarkable for every species of outrage and atrocity, the Clan-Grigor succeeded in rendering itself conspicuous. Their turbulence and crimes form the preamble of many proclamations towards the end of the sixteenth century; and their rapacity, or that of their neighbours, furnished frequent cause for military interposition. They were repeatedly outlawed and attacked by the surrounding clans, and gradually despoiled of their possessions. Yet, either the same unconquerable disposition remained to give offence, or the rancour of their enemies goaded them to feudal violence, which gave colour for fresh denunciations, until at length the name was altogether proscribed.

The following narrative, which gave the subject of what I have called *Clan-Alpin's Vow*, exhibits a very striking instance of feudal barbarism, certainly of a complexion not to be looked for at a later period of our history:—

"Edinburgh, 4th February, 1589.

"The same day, the Lords of secret Council being crediblie Informed of ye cruel and mischievous proceedings of ye wicked Clan-Grigor so Lang continueing in blood, slaughters, heirships, manifest reifts, and stouths committed upon his Hieness' peaceable and good subjects Inhabiting ye Countries ewest ye brays of ye Highlands, thir mony years bygone, but specially heir after ye cruel murder of ŭmqll Jo. Drummond of Drummoneyryuch, his majesties proper tennant, and ane of his fosters of Glenartney, committed upon ye day of last bypast, be certain of ye said clan, be ye council and determination of ye haill avow,

and to defend ye authors yrof quoever wald persew for revenge of ye same, qn ye said Jo. was occupied in seeking of venison to his Hieness, at command of Pat. Lord Drummond, stewart of stratherne, and principal forrester of Glenartney; the Queen, his majesties dearest spouse, being yn shortlie looked for to arrive in this Realm. Likeas after ye Murder ye authors yrof cutted off ye said ŭmqll Jo. Drummond's head, and carried the same to the Laird of M'Grigor, who, and the hail surname of M'Grigor, purposely conveined upon the next Sunday yrafter, at the Kirk of Buchquhidder; where they caused ye said umqll John's head be pŭted to you, and yr avowing ye said murder to have been committed by yr communion, counsil, and determination, laid yr hands upon the pow, and in Eithnik and barbarous manner, swear to defend ye authors of ye said murther, in maist proud contempt of our Sovn Lord and his aŭtie, and in evil example to others wicked Lymmaris to doe ye like, give ye sall be suffered to remain unpunished."

Then follows a commission to the Earls of Huntley, Argyle, Athole, Montrose; Pat. Lord Drummond; Ja., Commendator of Incheffray; And. Campbell, of Lochinnel; Duncan Campbell, of Glenurchy; Jo. Campbel, of Caddel; Ja. Campbel, of Ardkinglas; Lauchlane M'Intosh, of Dunnauchtane; Sir Jo. Murray, of Tullibarden, Knt.; Geo. Buchanan, of that ilk; and And. Macfarlane, Ariguocher, to search for and apprehend Alaster M'Grigor, of Glenstre (and a number of others nomination), "*and all others of the said Clan-Grigor, or yr assistors, culpable of the said odious murther, or of thift, reset of thift, heirships, and sornings, qrever they may be apprehended.* And if *they refuse to be taken, or flees to strengths and houses, to pursue and assege them with fire and sword. And this commission to endure for the space of* 3 *years.*" Such was the system of police in 1589; and such the state of Scotland nearly thirty years after the Reformation.

SIR ALBON.

SIR ALBON.

INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN MILLER,

1ST GUARDS.

AUCHINLECK PRESS: 1811.

SIR ALBON.

ENOUGH of rain, of hail, and snow,
Has drench'd the regions here below,
The lark soars high, and sings in air;
The thrush begins her tender care;
The soft breeze whispers through the bough;
And busy crows pursue the plough.
When ev'ry songster strains its throat,
Shall silent be the minstrel's note?
High swells his soul, so swell his song,
And ev'ry rock the strain prolong.

To thee, my M * * * r, shall I paint
With willing hand, but colours faint,
The joys that crowd our sylvan scene,
The rushing river, laurels green,
The time-worn bridge, romantic mill,
The rocks, and banks, and Lockhart-hill?—

Or shall I rouse the sportsman's shout,
When many a grawl, and many a trout,
By net resistless dragg'd to shore,
Adds to the well-filled larder's store?—
Or when the moorcock skims the heath
On rapid wing, more rapid death
O'ertakes the fugitive—he dies,
And the serf lifts the feathered prize?—
Or when September's new-born day
Gives partridges as legal prey,
Shall dogs and hackbuts pass unsung,
The steady point—the covey sprung—
Now right, now left, a brace are down,
With horse-shoe breast and scarlet crown?—
Or shall I mark on high Stairaird,
The hare steal off from Bauldy Baird,
Just when he meditates the feat,
To shoot her cow'ring in her seat?—
Or when the wintry wind bereaves
The copsewood of its wreck of leaves;
When men and dogs, a busy rout,
Try ev'ry holly-bush about;
When the moon's light conducts the flock,
And ev'ry bank can boast a cock?—
With spring elastic up he darts,
"Mark! mark!" they cry, then beat all hearts;
Like lightning (such the rapid view)
The sportsman pours the pellets through;

And as he falls to rise no more,
Curses th' inhospitable shore
Which dooms him far from Lapland's coast,
To stretch his limbs on—butter toast!

And now, e'er drops my feeble wing,
My blessing take. Go, serve the king;
Forget the soft Sicilian fair,
The Mareschina's grace and air,
And set your heart on British stuff,
For surely they're quite good enough.
So—savoury be each well-cooked dish!
If aught avails the minstrel's wish.

L'Argument Prosaique.

The Camperdown coach stops to water the horses in a village, at M'Lellan's door, publican and butcher—Sir Albon jumps out, mounts a hack—canters up the causeway—passes the door of the Clerk of the Roads—sees the light of Muirkirk Iron-works—passes Kinzencleugh and Ballochmyle, and arrives at the Howfoord. Distance, one mile—time, six minutes.

Sir Albon.

Swift o'er heaven's arch the streamers ran,
While slowly moved the caravan.

46830

Sudden, unbid, the leaders stood
Before thy gate, O man of blood!
If aught did there the curb branch ply,
'Twas hand unseen by mortal eye;
If aught did *esse* and *crochet** strain,
'Twas hand unhallow'd drew the rein.

Swift to his steed Sir Albon sprung,
Beneath his feet the trap-stone† rung;
For rapid was the courser's stroke,
And ev'ry wight whose sleep it broke,
By sudden start, on elbow raised,
Breathed a half-stifled "Gude be praised!"
Quicker than cloth-yard arrow's flight
De Wodrow's mansion pass'd Sir Knight,
And quicker than the drum-boy's ruff
His horse hoofs clatter'd hard and tough.—
De Wodrow! though it mar my tale,
To sing of thee can minstrel fail?
For clerk he was, if clerk there be,
Though little skilled in minstrelsy,
And less, I wot, in chivalry;
But I may say, in sooth, he knew
The magic powers of two and two,
And four the wonderful result;

* *Esse* and *crochet*, terms in the menage for the ends of the curb chain.

† Trap-stone—whinstone.

And though in head no catapult
To batter logic's ramparts down,
Yet he might challenge fair renown;
For well he conn'd the mystic page
Of Cocker, and of Dilworth sage;
His cap could doff, his cap could don—
But to our tale—Sir Knight pricked on.
No light had he to cheer his way,
Fled were the sunny joys of day,
And not as yet the silv'ry moon
To way-worn pilgrim gave the boon;
Far in the east she linger'd still,
Behind Cairntable's pointed hill,
Or Tintoc brown, or Corsincone,
Whilst Albon dauntless rode alone.
No faintly glimm'ring aid, to mark
Each image in the poring dark,
Save when the well-wrought bars of steel,
Which clad his trusty horse's heel,
Drew from a stone the transient light,
Which brightest shines in darkest night;
For, like that emblematic form,
Which led to Salem's tow'rs the storm,
(And shall a Christian minstrel tell
The triumphs of an infidel?)
The horse-shoe, fitted to defend,
Like that bright moon in turn and bend,
Of shape and light both emulous,
Scatters its light most marvellous.

Far on the circle of the sky
Sir Knight a gleaming light did spy;
So vivid was its meteor gleam,
That to some wights it well might seem
The moon herself should shortly rise.
Not so in brave Sir Albon's eyes;
For well he wist this lurid glare
Burst from the source of classic Ayr,
Where, 'midst the bleak and barren wild,
With Erebus' own hue defiled,
The sons of Vulcan at the forge
Their midnight massive hammers urge.

Fast and more fast his fleet horse flew,
When sudden darting on his view
A lonely light, that twinkled still,
The mansion mark'd of Dame M' * * * * *
Its turrets mock'd his straining gaze;
But then he thought on ancient days,
When lady fair was in her prime,
Fit theme for youthful minstrel's rhyme;
Then bow'd to her on bended knee
The Laird of hazel-clad G * * * * * *
Long, long, are all her suitors fled,
Her beauty's fallen, wither'd, dead!

On, on he spurr'd, and pass'd the while
Old Kinzencleugh, and Ballochmyle

In song renown'd, and then anon
Was full in front of Willoxton.
On that proud rock a castle stood,
And frown'd upon the raging flood;
But how and when that castle fell
I may not think, I may not tell.
The flames bore ev'ry trace away;
But whence those flames I may not say.
Now on its shrivell'd stunted oak
Blood-sated ravens daily croak;
With gory beak and talons foul,
There nightly screams a howling owl.
Sir Albon pass'd the rock below;
He heard the river's sullen flow,
And high in air portentous sound
In undulations hover'd round—
But ever, as in time of need,
Sir Albon onward prick'd his steed.

THE BENISON; OR P. P. C.

And now, why further swell my tome?
Suffice it, Albon canter'd home.
What recks it in my simple tale,
That Albon supp'd and swallow'd ale;
Or, tired with travel and alone,
Placed on his pate a cotton cone,
And one of tin on candle's head,

Then, peering, groped the way to bed?
But, reader, ere we part, adieu!
For I would part in peace with you.
Take my pot-luck, 'tis good hotch-potch,
A mess of Anglo-Gallic Scotch.
And if this sells, as sell it must,
I soon shall touch, again, your *dust.*
With wondrous speed, as I'm a sinner,
I'll knock you up another dinner;
For thoughts fall quick from fertile brain,
Like bright prismatic show'rs of rain—
And I can write with ready pen,
For gentle maids, and gentle men.
Though poor the measures from my reed,
Still poorer is your minstrel's meed:
I ask but half-a-crown a line—
The Song be your's, the Disk* be mine.

* Generally applied to a planet, but here to a half-crown piece.

THE

SPIRIT OF TINTOC;

A BALLAD.

THE

SPIRIT OF TINTOC;

A BALLAD.

WITH NOTES.

Take any shape but that ——— SHAKESPEAR.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR MANNERS & MILLER,
By Mundell & Son.

1803.

TO THE READER.

THE very liberal encouragement, the eager avidity, with which Ballads and Tales have of late been received, induced the Editor to offer to the Public the following Ballad, which he found by accident in his paternal repository. He is perfectly satisfied that the discerning Public will bestow a tolerable share of that vast flood of approbation which has been lavished on those who have employed their leisure in works of this kind. It is not easy to rake together the scattered scraps of information, which are yearly mouldering away; and the Editor himself being utterly ignorant of the *Danish*, *Swedish*, *Russian*, *Sclavonian*, *Scandinavian*, *Runic*, and other sources of illustration, cannot but congratulate the world on the deep researches of men skilled in the lore, who have sifted the dust of the North, and separated the golden treasures.

The Reader will perhaps pardon the Editor for obtruding a few observations on the following Ballad, as it may enable him to understand and enjoy the passages descriptive of manners and superstitious traditions.

Authors have informed us that the Piper held the same honourable situation among the Border Clans, which the Harp bestowed among the Welch and ancient Highlanders. There seems, however, to have been a considerable difference in the mode of rehearsing the actions of their great men and warriors. The Welch and Hebridian Bards sung the praise of their Heroes, and accompanied the song with the harp. Now it does not immediately occur how this was possible with the Border Bard, whose mouth had abundant employment in distending the leathern reservoir of his instrument. At the same time, the Editor does not pretend to be so well acquainted with the bagpipe, as to determine how far it is practicable to blow and recite, alternately: At all events, he is humbly of opinion that the drone might be continued sounding in sonorous monotony. The Piper who figures in the following Ballad, seems by no means to have accompanied his voice, but to have alternately played a tune and sung a song. I may add, that from his name being Scot, there is every reason to believe that he was recording Bard and Piper to the old Laird of Buccleugh.

The superstitious belief on which the following Ballad is founded I have met with in no MS. *penes* any person. I have it merely from recitation. It is usual to repeat it as many times in a breath as possible; and one person had acquired a rapidity equal to a good Catholic at his prayers, and actually could complete seven times with one inhalation. I shall here introduce it, as it may amuse my readers:

On Tintoc tap there is a mist,*
And in the mist there is a kist,
And in the kist there is a cap,
And in the cap there is a drap;
Tak up the cap, sup up the drap,
And set the cap on Tintoc tap.

I have in vain endeavoured to gain the meaning of the mystic words *Cockatrice* and *Gallowlee*, which are made use of by Johnie Bell. These seem to have had perfect effect on the *watery* spirit Kelpy, but none on the ethereal demons of Tintoc. The Cockatrice, a serpent of monstrous generation, seems to have filled our forefathers with terrors unbounded. It is introduced in the very same company in an old prophecy, which I shall probably lay before the Public at a future period.

Lo the bloody Cockatrice
Feeds on his corp at the Gallowlee.

* Tintoc is a mountain in the higher part of Lanarkshire.

It is no less difficult to draw any meaning from the use of the word *Gallowlee*, unless the Editor may be allowed to surmise, that the person in danger might thus deceive the Spirit of the Waters, by inducing it to believe that *another* fate awaited him; and as the doom is inevitable, he that is born to *that* cannot be drowned; nor Kelpy, nor Shellycoat, nor any of the spirits of the deep, could detain him.

I have only to add one observation upon Kelpy. On the powers and habits of this Spirit of the Haunted Stream I shall not enlarge, as that will soon be given to the Public by one more qualified for the task. I may, however, be permitted to hint one thing, which may not occur to him. From the progress of cultivation, Kelpy has got rid of his evil habits, like the Border Clans, on whom he exercised his malevolence. No temples rose to Kelpy, but, flattered by the dedication of a marine production which bears his name, a compliment so soothing to the pride of spirits, he has left the glassy depth of the classic stream, to watch over the ceremony of purifying the works of the loom. Esteemed as a character of far greater importance, he is no longer spoken of in the familiar diminutive of Kelpy. No longer we talk of his malicious power; for there is not a laundrymaid who does not own, over her washing-tub, the kind assistance of the friendly Kelp.

TINTOC TAP,

WITH

JOHNIE BELL AND THE KELPY.

THE Piper pech'd and the Piper blew,
And chirted out another spring,
And syne he sang as he gat fou,
(O weel auld Robin Scot could sing!)

Of bloody raids, and border wights,
When the clouds were dark or the moon was clear,
Who troop'd about, in winter nights,
To gather nolt and soudron geer.

Of knights and ladies fair he sang,
All underneath the greenwode tree;
Of Dick o' the Kow, and Johnie Armstrang,
And many an outlaw bold sang he.

Of Tamlane and of Fairyland,
Of Kelpy, Shellycoat, and a';
Of witches, and a fearsome band,
That dalesmen never heard or saw.

The gudeman glowr'd, and the gudewife gap'd,
Forgot poor Flecky* in the byre;
Ilk peat she thought was fairy-shap'd,
And look'd for Brownie near the fire.

Johnie Bell was the gudeman's name,
The wife's I wot was Kate M'Crae;
He was a taylor, to his shame,
A tippling taylor, neighbours say.

But though a taylor, troth the chiel
Was bold, and did not lack a soul;
He lik'd the Piper's crack fou weel,
And weel to share a coguet or bowl.

The Piper took a fearfu' waught;‡
For Robin had an awesome drouth;
The gudewife sigh'd, but the Piper laugh'd,
When Johnie cried, "It's done in sooth!

* Flecky, the name given a mottled cow.
† Wooden dish.
‡ A deep draught.

" The graybeard's toom, I maun hae drink,
I've no a plack to buy a drap;
My heart is up, and away I'll link,
There's drink for nought on Tintoc tap.

" Frae Robin's sangs I ken fou weel,
That fairies keep the liquor there;
But be it fairy, witch, or de'il,
I'll find the Cap, and tak my share."

He has put his blue bonnet on his head,
And in his hand his rowntree staff;*
Greening for drink, with a heart without dread,
Away for Tintoc the taylor is aff.

He hadna gane a lang Scotch mile,
A lang Scotch mile but only twa,
When he thought that he spied the black de'il on a coile;†
It was na the de'il, but it was—a craw.

Of lang Scotch miles he had na gane,
Of lang Scotch miles but only three,
When crossing the burn, he miss'd the stane,
The stepping stane, and in gaed he.

* Rowntree staff. It is a popular superstition, that the Rowntree, or Mountain-ash, acts as a charm against witchcraft.

† Coile is a hay-cock.

" I hae ye fast, and I'll ha'd ye fast,
Come Johnie Bell to my crystal bower;
The night is come and the day is past,
And Johnie Bell is in my power."——

O Johnie roar'd most manfully,
When Brownie whistled at his ear,
" Cry, Cockatrice and Gallowlee
Thrice—and the de'il ye need na fear."——

He mutter'd thrice the magic spell,
Thrice Cockatrice and Gallowlee,
When Kelpy shriek'd—" O, Johnie Bell,
My charm is broken—you are free."——

On he hurried, and on he hied,
For the sake o' the Cap, and to get his fill,
Till he came at last to brown Tintoc side,
And turn'd him to the haunted hill.

Up he clamber'd, and up he clamb,
And he's coost his coat o' the hoddin gray,*
And he's seen a ewe, wi' a coal-black lamb,
Bickering cross the heathery brae.

He's ta'en his spleuchan† frae his breeks
For a quid o' the right Virginia;

* Hoddin Gray, a coarse gray woollen cloth, almost forgot, or unknown amongst the refined Scots of this century.

† Spleuchan, a pouch made of seal-skin to hold tobacco.

And wi' his sleeve he's dried his cheeks,
For a hetter màn ye never saw.

And when to the misty tap he's come,
The cloud took a grisly spectre's form;
The taylor stood bombazed and dumb,
While thus it spoke like a thunderstorm:

"Queen of the Spirits of fire,* Johnie,
I force them forth with potent blaze;
Curb your wild desire, Johnie;
Stilla, I am, so go your ways."——

"I fear ye not," bold Johnie cried,
"*That* for you, witch, and your advice,
I matter you not nor your spirits beside—
Ken ye, *Gallowlee* and *Cockatrice?*"——

"When the fatal sister spins, Johnie,
I steal the life-lint frae her tap."†——
"Tell the priest your sins, cronie,
Right or wrong, I'll hae the Cap."——

"When the sister lifts the sheers, Johnie,
I close them fast to clip the thread."——

---

* Queen of the Spirits, &c. The allusion here seems to be to the presiding power of the Still.

† The Tap is that part of a wheel which holds the flax for spinning.

" Confess, when the fryar spiers, cronie,
Gie me the Cap, and never heed."——

She has stamped on the grassless yeard,*
A fire and cauldron quick arose;
The taylor rubb'd his head and beard,
And lick'd his lips, and cock'd his nose.

The fire low'd, and the cauldron hiss'd,
And the hell-steam rose baith red and blue,
When the guardian spirit of the Kist†
Swell'd to the wond'ring taylor's view.

His hair was red, and his cheek-bones high,‡
And he look'd like a new-caught Highlandman;
His eyes in their sockets seem'd to fry;
He smelt like a peat-reek warming pan.

Before him lay a skull in scorn,
A living skull, though the sense was out—

* Yeard, the earth.

† The Kist has already been made mention of in the old rhymes on Tintoc.

‡ *His hair was red, &c.* This guardian Spirit of the Kist appears to be allegorical of Fairntosh, a name for the true strong unadulterated Highland Whisky.

With a spoon o' the de'ils auld cast-off horn,*
He stirr'd and stirr'd the brain about.

The lid o' the Kist wi' a clap flew up,
And fou to the brim out flew the Cap;
The thirsty taylor, at ae sup,
Drank it a', baith dreg and drap.

The Kist, and Cap, and cantrip spell,
Wi' whizzing birr, in flinders flew,
But what became o' Johnie Bell,
Gude kens !—I ken nae mair than you !

* From this we learn a very curious fact, viz., that the Prince of Darkness sheds his horns; and moreover, that from the economy of the lower regions, these horns are not shed in vain, but are still the instruments of evil to man.—Horn-spoons are still common in Scotland.

EDINBURGH

REVIEWERS.

EPISTLE

TO THE

Edinburgh Reviewers.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL & SON.

1803.

TO THE

Edinburgh Reviewers.

EPISTLE FIRST.

YE young Reviewers! listen to my strain!
Pardon my maxims, if they give you pain.
Accept the mild effusions of my pen;—
Ye are the ducklings, I the guardian hen.
I cannot follow—poor old anxious fool,—
But tremble, while you dabble in the pool.
Your early talents promise very fair,
Use them with prudence, cultivate with care.
Blast not my hopes, nor ridicule my fears;
Nor slight the wisdom of a length of years.

A knack at words you have, some fancy too;
But have you judgment, think you, to review?—
You *read* I find,—then, like true men of spirit,
You needs must *write*, that folks may know your merit.

You pace the room, in fancy dealing terror,—
(There, I must hint, you're rather in an error).
All are not d——d you happen to dislike;
All turn not marble whom your glances strike.—

When the fierce tyger rages o'er the land,
Then to the chase, ye hunters, in a band!
Or when the crocodile, with treacherous tears,
Seeks to decoy and lead us by the ears,
Then to your task, these ravening foes destroy,
We'll shout your praises with tumultuous joy.
But where's the honour, where the mighty feat,
To seize a victim that can only bleat?
Why tinge with red the unassuming cheek,
Or tear a linnet with a vulture's beak?
Come, prythee do not vaunt, and puff, and swell,
That you can see what others see as well.
Toss not your heads about with happy grin,
Proud when you catch a straw, or find a pin.
Is he a lion who can gorge a rat?
Is he Goliath who can crush a gnat?

Treasure this maxim in your thoughts for ever:
"A Critic must be *just*, as well as clever."
Cloud not another's light, that you may shine,
And *some* politeness with your wit combine.
You must not be so rude, nor so conceited;
A *woman* surely should be gently treated.

Her poems, like her form, may catch your eye;
She seeks to please, but claims no ardent sigh.
If dress'd with taste, approach her and admire;
If tawdry, pray be silent and retire.
Don't snatch her cap, and kick it in the air;
Don't tear her gown, or thrust her from her chair;
Don't, arms a-kimbo, labour to affront her,
Nor use her as you use poor Mrs. H———r.*

Let not a doctor's *wig* your satire aid;
So poor an ally must your cause degrade.
Patterns you are of *style*, no doubt, of *grace;*
Then prythee, let us have each critic face;
To each essay prefix the learned head,
That lines and features may at once be read.
Thus he, whom now we deem or black or yellow,
May prove, if colour'd well, a pretty fellow.
If more than usual sharp his phiz, or fuller,
More clever we shall rate his works or duller.

Mild Doctor Langford,† little did'st thou ween,
When with a fair round face, and placid mein,
Amidst the kind restorers of the drown'd
You preach'd *humanity* to all around.

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* Poems. By Mrs. Hunter. London: Bentley. 8vo.—*Edinburgh Review*, Vol. I., p. 421.

† Anniversary Sermon of the Royal Humane Society. By W. Langford, D.D. London: Rivington, 1802.—*Review, p.* 113.

Ah! little thought you that each trope and figure
Should pass the ordeal with so much rigour;
That what made Doctors Hawes and Lettsome weep
Should lull a critic, in the north, to sleep;
Who, though by nostrums and gay friends beset,
Upon my life, seems somewhat sleepy yet.

When the tir'd seaman in his hammock swings,
And dreams of rare fresh beef—ecstatic things!
With vacant grasp he snatches at a bit:
So our reviewer at a piece of wit:
Old jests of Joe his college letch provoke,
And, while he doses, struggles for a joke.

We love not petulance—it sickens quite—
'Tis nauseous—and although you may be right,
More to our *feelings* than our *judgment* trusting,
We fain would have you wrong,—'tis so disgusting.

Touch not on topics you can't understand:—
Why lug his Lordship* forward sword in hand—
You read the title and a line or two,
And tell us so—Is this then to review?
Why ev'ry trifle to our notice bring,
Merely that you may say a clever thing?

---

* William, Earl of Ancrum, afterwards Marquis of Lothian, whose observations in relation to proposed improvements in the arms and accoutrements of light cavalry had been inserted in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh."

Your Pegasus, we find, is but a colt:
We see him start, dash headlong on, and bolt
He kicks, o'erleaps all bounds, and scorns all check,
The reins of reason loose upon his neck.

Some plants of vigour deck your work, I own,
But flowering weeds are very thickly sown.
If each contributor had equal powers,
I should not grudge the many tedious hours,
Torn from the pastimes that become your age,
To plod for jests, and blot a heavy page.
To Mounier's candid critic praise is due;
Make him your leader, keep him in your view.
Learn to be modest, in your wit be chaste,
Ye are not, *yet*, all Chesterfields in taste.

I move not forward, with Herculean tread
And iron-mace, to break each Hydra head;
An humble friend, I offer hints in season,
Watching with fervent hope your dawning reason.
Prosper your youthful efforts to be known!
Whose swelling fame is dearer than my own.

SONGS

IN THE

JUSTICIARY OPERA.

SONGS

IN THE

Justiciary Opera,

COMPOSED FIFTY YEARS AGO,

BY

C[OLIN] M[ACLAURIN]* & B[OSWELL] I.C.C.

Sævaque CIRCUITU.———OVID. MET.

Quin et IXION, ———— *vultu*
Risit invito. —— HOR.

AUCHINLECK:
PRINTED BY JAMES SUTHERLAND.

1816.

* Afterwards raised to the bench of the Court of Session under the title of Lord Dreghorn.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are certain morose, or self-important personages, who deem jesting inadmissible frivolity, and the arrangement of whose inexorable features is seldom discomposed, unless by a frown, or supercilious sneer. There are others, who can scarcely distinguish between playful jocularity and disgusting ribaldry; or who descry, in a good humoured sally, the most malignant, qualities, and most poisonous influence. We may venture, however, to affirm, that it is difficult to point out any great man who did not heartily love a joke; and, we believe, that few truly good men have thought it any imputation on their morality.

The Songs of the JUSTICIARY OPERA were the light pastime of men who made no contemptible figure in grave pursuits. We know not if any of them were ever committed to writing; many are lost and forgotten, and those that are here preserved are given from memory.

We anticipate no fastidious animadversions upon these *crepundia parva.* If they extort no laugh and win no smile, they are at least injurious to no one.

N.B.—Those marked with an Asterisk are Interpolations.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CALIENDROSUS MAXIMUS, Grand Clerk of the Scales and Chopping Knife, and Commander of the Forces.

HYSTRIX, Clerk of the Rounds.

BOMBYX, a very Great Officer.

JOHN BLACK, the Pannel.

BAMBOOZLE, FLAW-FINDER, } Orators for the Pannel.

PEPPERTAIL, the Horse-Couper,
BIZZ, the Blacksmith,
PETER BROWN, the Exciseman,
MATHEW MUTCHKIN,
WIDOW MACKLEERIE, } Witnesses.

WAITER.

Judges, Jurymen, Sheriffs, Baillies, Serjeants, Mob, &c., &c.

SONGS

IN THE

JUSTICIARY OPERA.

SCENE, *An Inn.*

CALIENDROSUS MAXIMUS and HYSTRIX.

DUET. AIR—*Saw ye my Father.*

Cal. SAW ye my Trumpeter?
Or saw ye my Macer?
Or saw ye my man John?

Hyst. I have not seen your Trumpeter,
I have not seen your Macer,
And drunk is your man John.

(Martial Music.)

ENTER A WAITER.

* AIR—*Hey Jenny come down to Jock.*

Waiter. The Baillies are waitin, the Provost is come,
Twal permanent serjeants, a fife and a drum,
Twa Sherra's wi' swords (but they're peaceable men),
And some twa three mair—and the clock's chappit ten.

(A Grand Procession.)

SCENE, *A Hall.*

ENTER CALIENDROSUS MAXIMUS, BOMBYX, HYSTRIX, BAMBOOZLE, FLAW-FINDER, MACER, JURYMEN, MOB, &c.

* AIR—*Fye, let us a' to the wedding.*

Hyst. Ge-en-tlemen o' the Jury,
Ye'll answer untill a' your names—
Walter Balwhid o' Pitlurie.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——Mathew Powloosie o' Kames.
Jurym. Here.

Hyst. ——Duncan Macwhey o' Todwiddock.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——Jacob Bafour o' Howbrig.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——John Mackindo o' Glenpuddock.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——Hew Gib in Bog o' Daljig.
Jurym. Here.

Hyst. ——Patrick Macrone o' Craig-gubble.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——George Yellowlees in Cowshaw.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——Ralph Mucklehose in Blindrubble.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——Robert Macmurdoch in Raw.
Jurym. Here.

Hyst. ——Andrew Mackissock in Shalloch.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——Ingram Maclure in Benbole.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——Gilbert Strathdee in Drummalloch.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——Gabriel Tam in Dirt-hole.
Jurym. Here.

Hyst. ——Lowrie Macwill o' Powmuddle.
Jurym. Here.

Hyst. ——Daniel Lósh o' Benskair.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——John Stoupie, Writer, Kirkfuddle.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——Baillie Bole, Shoemaker, there.
Jurym. Here.

Hyst. ——Samuel Macguire in Kraig-gullion—
If present, Sir, answer your name.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. ——Quintin Maccosh in Knockdullion.
Jurym. Here.
Hyst. Gal-lery—Si-lence—Ahem!

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

* AIR—*In the Garb of old Gaul.*

Macer. Hem!—Si-lence.
Cal. Officer, bring John Black to the bar.

(The Pannel is brought in guarded, and Petitions for Banishment.)

AIR—*The Lee Rig.*

Pannel. O send me oure the lang seas
My ain kind lordie, O;
O send me oure the lang seas
My ain kind lordie, O.

O send me east, or send me wast,
Or send me south or nordie, O,
But send me oure the lang seas
My ain kind lordie, O.

* AIR—*Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now.*

Cal. Pannel, a halter must be your end,
The fiend at your skirts has now his prong,
Your days, that are number'd, in penitence spend;
But I'll lecture you, presently, half-an-hour long.

Mercy were folly, if lavish'd on him;
Robbing and thieving the gallows shall check.
Our duty is plain, we'll proceed to condemn;
John—you shall certainly hang by the neck.

AIR—*We're gayly yet.*

Pannel. We're no guilty yet,
We're no guilty yet,
Although we're accused
We're no guilty yet.

Afore ye condemn
Ye man hear us a bit,
For although we're accus'd
We're no guilty yet.

(Jury are chosèn, and the Indictment read.)

* AIR—*Grimaldi's Jig in Mother Goose.*

Hyst. Whereas, by the laws o' this realm,
And o' ev'ry well governed land,
To seize on anither man's geer,
(As the tangs ance a Highlandman fand)

And whether the thief, he be caught
In the fact, or be gruppit out-fang,
The law says expressly, and wisely,
That chiel by the thrapple shall hang.

And you, John Black, there, the pannel,
Ye robbit, assaulted and a',
And sae, gang till an assize, Sir,
And underlie pains o' the law.

* AIR—*Miss Macleod's Reel.*

Bombyx.

Painful the duty is, which I must now perform,
Stating a train of guilt uncommon and enorm-
Ous,—calling my witnesses to make the fact out plain,
And if your verdict's guilty, my labour's not in vain.

Gentlemen, your feelings must, with justice, never jar,
The statutes of the land condemn the pris'ner at the bar;
The law most clearly indicates the gallows, as reward,
For culprits such as him between the soldiers of the guard.

John Black met Peter Brown, upon the King's highway,
With foul intent to rob, I fear intent to slay;
John Black, the pannel, did step up to Peter Brown,
And with his fist, or bludgeon, did knock said Peter down.

Ferocious, atrocious, felonious also,
Did *then* and *there*, with *that* or *this*, reiterate the blow;
Then seized Peter by the throat, to suffocate his cries,
And most outrageously exclaim'd, "Your money, d—— your eyes."

ENTER PETER BROWN.

* AIR—*The Bonniest Lass in a' the Warld.*

Peter. The pannel's a regardless loon,
And brags that he defies man;
And bauldly threepit through the toun
He'd *do* for the Exciseman.

I thought 'twas nought but silly clash,
That sneevlin gowks wad tell me,
Quo' I, my thum' I wanna fash,
It's no *sic like* can fell me.

Four cadgers rade through Halkwood-slack,
I doubted Jean Mackleerie,
I took the road, when up cam Black,
And dang me tapsalteerie.

He rypit, may be, for his knife,
I thought I saw it glancin,
He took the rue, and sav'd my life,
Syne like a deil gaed dancin.

ENTER PEPPERTAIL.

AIR—*Braw Lads o' Galla Water.*

Pepper. Comin' frae the toun o' Straiven,
On my poor mare that had the spaivin,
I met the pannel near the Kirk o' Shotts,
Like ony madman he was ravin.

Black his hair and blue his coat;
Tightly he did the gauger han'le,
The mair he shuck the fallow by the throat,
The steadier still I ee'd the pannel.

ENTER MATHEW MUTCHKIN.

* AIR—*Calder Fair.*

Mat. As I cam hame frae Ruglin fair,
At e'en whan it was dusky,
I had enough—and may be mair,
A drap oure muckle whisky.

I saw twa fallows yoke thegither,
Wha they war, the taen or tither,
I ken na mair nor Abram's mither,
I was blin wi' whisky.

ENTER BIZZ.

* AIR—*Will ye gang and marry Katy.*

Bombyx. Pray, What is your name, friend? tell us.
Bizz. Tammas Bizz.—I've blawn the bellows,
And I've clinkit on the studdy
Sin a wean, knee-heigh and duddy.

And the gauger, weel I ken,
Aft he stammers butt and ben,
Snowkin a' frae end to end,
He's mislear'd and capernoited.

And I ken Jock Black fou weel,
A sturdy hand at our fore-hammer;
Bess, his wife, flytes at the chiel,
But weel a wat I do condemn her.

Wark, ye ken yersels, brings drouth,
Wha can thole a gaizen'd mouth,
And gif he tak a gill, forsooth
Queans may flyte, and fools man clatter.

Jock, I ken's an honest lad,
Thievish pranks was ne'er his custom,
Tho' he be sae sair misca'd,
Wi' gowd in gowpins ye may trust him.

I hae kent him sin a bairn,
A penny willing aye to earn,
And tho' he's coupit i' the shearn,
Troth I ken nought ill about him.

ENTER WIDOW MACKLEERIE.

* AIR—*I hae a wife o' my ain.*

Widow Mac. I hae a house o' my ain,
On the road to Hamilton,
Whisky I sell, to be plain,
Arran Water, or *Campbleton.*

Peter the gauger, himsel,
Whiles comes pipple papple in,
Puzion, frae ony big stell,
He'll no pit his thrapple in.

Widow Mackleerie's my name,
Mine's a tippeny eatin house,
Carriers find a warm hame,
Mine's niest door to the meetin-house.

As for the pannel, Jock Black,
I'm wae to see him here awa,
He never wrang'd me ae plack;
Gude send he wun clear awa!

(The Orators for the Pannel plead.)

AIR—*Deil tak the Wars.*

Bamboozle.

Fye on the laws that hang a man for stealing,
Sure such penal statutes, were savagely fram'd
By legislators devoid of human feeling,
Before divine religion mankind had tam'd.
Gentlemen, 'tis yours, with vigour,
To check the law's excessive rigour,
* Yours is the power, to you the choice is given.
A father—husband—bends;

On you his fate depends:
'Tis yours to take or give,
To bid him die—or live!
Then, here that mercy show, you hope from Heaven.

AIR— * * * * * *

Flaw-finder.

Gentlemen, now 'tis my turn to address you,
And with much speaking I need not oppress you,
The proof lies before you, in writing down taken,
All I do wish is to save this man's bacon.

But as it is usual some few things to mention,
I say, that to steal, it was not his intention,
So be not, I pray, like the Lords in a fury,
But bring this man off like a sensible jury.

(Charge to the Jury.)

* AIR—*Merrily dance the Quaker.*

Cal. If ever a case before me came
That I could judge most clearly,
This is a case, I'll boldly name,
I've scrutiniz'd it nearly.

To trace the truth through all its track,
No witch requires, or jugglers;
The witnesses are all a pack
Of drunkards and of smugglers.

The counsel for the crown, with skill,
Extorted facts most glaring;
Black, when prim'd, by stoup and gill,
You see, became most daring.

That Black put Brown in mortal fear,
The proof is clear—*clarissima*,
And that he robb'd, tho' not quite clear,
Presumptio est fortissima.

Gentlemen, 'tis my desire,
To state the case precisely;
'Tis you to judge, so now retire,
And weigh your verdict wisely.

The proof is strong, a verdict bring,
Such honest men becoming;
I need not say one other thing,
And so I end my summing.

(Jury are enclosed.)

Lowrie Macwill o' Powmuddle, *Chancellor.*
John Stoupie, *Clerk.*

* AIR—*Ally Croaker.*

Powmuddle. In this case there's nae argument,
Nae minor, and nae major,
A chield had taen a glass, and had
A towzle wi' a gauger;
That there's nae proof o' robbery,
To see, I think, ye canna miss,
Sae we the pannel man acquit,
No guilty, Sirs,—Unanimous,

Demi Chorus by Five Furymen. } Unanimous, Unanimous,

Double Chorus by Ten Furymen. } Unanimous, Unanimous,

Grand Chorus by the whole Fifteen. } Sae we the pannel man acquit, No guilty, Sirs,—Unanimous.

(The Verdict is returned, Caliendrosus Maximus reads—in a passion.)

AIR—*Up and down frisky and fire away Pat.*

Caliendrosus.

A plague o' such juries, they make such a pother,
And thus, by their folly, let pannels go free;

And still on some silly pretext or another,
Nothing is left for your Lordships and me.

Our duty, believe us,
Was not quite so grievous,
While yet we had hopes for to hang 'em up all;
But now they're acquitted,
O how we're out-witted,
We've sat eighteen hours here for nothing at all.

Chorus by the whole Bench.

Tol de rol, lol de rol, tol de rol, lol de rol,
Tol de rol, lol de rol, tol de rol, lol,
But now they're acquitted, &c.

(Mob without Huzza.)

SKELDON HAUGHS;

OR,

THE SOW IS FLITTED.

Skeldon Haughs;

OR,

THE SOW IS FLITTED.

Fiet enim subito SUS *horridus.* —— VIRG.

AUCHINLECK:
PRINTED BY JAMES SUTHERLAND.

1816.

TO

GEORGE RANKINE, ESQ.

OF WHITEHILL.

SIR,

To whom can I, with more propriety, present the following story of the Fifteenth Century, than to you, from whose valuable collection it was obtained?

You may, perhaps, think that the language is too much modernized; but had it been printed in the dialect of its own days, it would have been less accessible to our friends.

Such as it is, accept it, with thanks, for your obliging communication.

I am,

SIR,

Your Obedient Humble Servant,

A. B.

January 1, 1816.

SKELDON HAUGHS;

OR,

THE SOW IS FLITTED.

CRAWFORD o' KERSE sat in his ha',
White were his locks as drifted snaw;
For stealin change o' shrivelin time
Had quench'd the vigour o' his prime:
And totterin limbs poor service yield,
Whan rivals struggle in the field.
His shrunken arm refused its part,
Tho' warm the throbbins at his heart,
For through his veins there flow'd the blood
O' auld Sir Reginald the gude—
That blood that rous'd the soul and might
O' Scotland's Hero, Wallace, wight.

In sooth he was a Baron bauld,
For toolyies tough in days o' auld,
A lion in the battle fray,
In deadly feud, a deadly fae.

But now, a venerable Lord,
He mirthfu' cheer'd the festive board
Wi' merry tale and hamely jest,
Or whiles he rear'd his warlike crest
As if prepar'd the brunt to meet,
And then recounted mony a feat
O' apen strife and artfu' wile;
Thus wad he listless hours beguile—
While a' around, his sinewy race,
Gaz'd, dumb wi' rapture, in his face.
Crack follow'd crack, the cap gaed roun,
That mony a cankerin thought cou'd drown,
Whan sudden at the yett a guest
Admittance claim'd—Quoth Kerse, "the best
Our almorie can yield bring ben,
I trow there's walth, gin he were ten,—
Shew in the stranger"—fair and free
In strode young Gilbert Kennedy.
"Kerse (said the youth), when feuds are sworn,
It matters nought how slight the thorn
That poisonous rankles in our side;
I bring defiance to your pride.—
The bauld Barganey bids me say,
Whan mornin breaks on Lammas-day,
A Sow upon your land I'll tether;
Like midges let the Crawfords gather,
Some teeth in angry fit may chitter,
But deil a man o' Kyle shall flit her."

Kerse ee'd him wi' contemptuous sneer,
" My merry man—and come ye here
To jeer me at my ain fire-side?—
Gae hame, for ance, in a hail hide.
Time was, that Kerse wad blithe ha' ridden
Out oure yon hills at sic a biddin:
Fu' little value I, or mine,
Ten score o' Kennedys and swine;
Had wither'd Kerse a limb to wag—
But let the bauld Barganey brag.—
The Kennedys wi' a their power,
Frae Cassillis to Ardstinchar Tower,
May rise and flock like screechin craws,
Frae heights and hows, frae hames and ha's,
And hither come wi' blawin crack,
They'll bear anither story back.
Kerse is, alas! nae mair the man
That in the onset led the van,
But he has sons to shield his name,
Heirs o' his valour and his fame,
And if on Lammas-day they fail,
Curse him wha lives to tell the tale.
Let your proud Baron croosely craw
On his ain midden, days but twa,
But on the third, by this grey head,
He'll aiblins thank his geldin's speed.
This, in defiance, Crawford says—
Gi'e the chield room, lads—slip your ways."

'Twas Lammas-morn, on Skeldon Haughs
The glintin sun had ting'd the saughs,
Frae Girvan banks and Carrick side
Down pour'd the Kennedys in pride.
And frae Kyle-Stewart and King's-Kyle
The Crawfords march'd in rank and file,
(If our fore-fathers own'd, of yore,
Sic term o' military lore).
Let them march on—a Rhymer I
Shall hae nae finger in the pye,
It's time enough for us to glowr
On battle-fields when a' is oure,
And draw our sketches o' ilk action,
Safe amang heaps o' putrifaction.
But troth a' battles are alike;
Some chields are stricken and some strike,
Weapons are sharp, and hides are tender,
And some maun fa', or else surrender;
Troops charge on troops, and slay and slash,
And sooghin bullets smite and smash;
Nae time, I trou, to shilly-shally,
Aff gaes the tae side, then they rally,
And on again, in mad delusion,
While heads and legs flee in confusion;
Some turn their backs and skelp awa',
And they that follow cry huzza:
Half o' the hale dung aff their feet,
Then is a Victory complete.

Crawford o' Kerse sat at his yett,
Mournin a dowie carle's fate,
That he, when stalwart bands were gane,
Fourscore, maun hurkle there his lane:
He gazed as lang as darklin sight
Could trace their march oure ilka height;
"And now," thought he, "they're bye Drumloch,
And bye the Kraigans and the Trough,
And bye the Know and Bright-burn birk,
And down upon Dalrymple Kirk—
And now stark Esplin rushes on—
Had ever man a braver son?
Come on ye Kennedys, come now!
Fight on my sons! the loons shall rue
The day they trod on Kerse's land:
Now is the pingle, hand to hand,
Esplin stand till't, nor flinch nor bend,
Forward, ye Crawfords, wi' a stend,
The bloody toolyie settle soon,
And drive the reiffars oure the Doon!"
'Twas fancy a', his aged trunk
Worn and fatigued supinely sunk;
On wayward chance he ponder'd deep,
And sorrow felt, but scorn'd to weep,
Then roused again; again the fight
Flitted before his dazzl'd sight.
His anxious ee, but firm and fierce,
Wander'd bewast the Loch o' Kerse,

Watchin some messenger o' speed,
Tidings to bear in time o' need:
Whan lightsome Will o' Ashyntree
Cam breathless pechin oure the lee.
Lang, lang or he cou'd parley hear,
The auld man cried, fu' loud and clear,
" Is the Sow flitted? tell me loon,
Is auld Kyle up and Carrick down?"
Mingl'd wi' sobs, his broken tale
The youth began.—" Ah! Kerse, bewail
This luckless day—your blithe son John
Now, waes my heart, lies on the loan;
And he could sing like ony merle"—
" Is the Sow flitted?" cried the carle,
" Gie me my answer, short and plain,
Is the Sow flitted? yammerin wean."
" The Sow, deil tak her, 's oure the water,
And at their backs the Crawfords batter;
The Carrick cowts are cow'd and bitted"—
" My thumb for Jock! the Sow is flitted."

ELEGAIC ODE.

ELEGAIC ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF

DR. WILLIAM HARVEY,

*Discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood.**

I.

STRIKE, strike the Harp, strike loud and long,
Thine, God of Pindus, thine the theme;
So may thy warm life-giving beam
Fire our rapt spirits while we swell the song.

---

* In the proceedings of the Harveian Society of Edinburgh for 1824 we read:—"They have been deprived of their truly amiable Poet-Laureate, Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart. His astonishing convivial powers have, on different occasions, added to their innocent mirth, by obliging them to laugh at themselves. But he was equally capable of gratifying the finest feelings of the human heart by serious strains. The last contribution which they received from his pen" was this Ode. It was enclosed in a

In classic lore, thy mystic powers,
Rule light and harmony and healing skill;
And all thy three-fold influence be ours,
Shining propitious from thy sacred hill.
For thrice we honour thee,
While bosoms glow,
And goblets flow,
In honour of thy votary.

II.

Hail to immortal HARVEY, hail!
Thine inspiration breathed upon his soul,
And to his ken the hidden truth unfurled;

---

letter, in which he says:—"As I have been so highly honoured as to be installed Poet-Laureate among those who are themselves allied to Apollo in all his functions, whether of Music or of Medicine, I know not how to bear my honours meekly. As, however, good humour is an excellent regulator of the grosser humours, it must fall to my lot to cull simples at the base of Parnassus, or to steal a phial of the water of Hippocrene, and with a little colouring to produce a placebo." It may be added that after the recitation of the Ode, a bumper was quaffed to the memory of Sir Alexander, the toast being introduced by some elegaic verses, of which the following is the first:—

"Lo! behold us here assembled,
After death has thrown a dart,
Which deprived us of a Poet
Who possess'd a noble heart."

That as the seasons change, the planets roll,
As from the eastern to the western flood,
Thy course revolving animates the world;
So circling moves the current of the blood.
Hail! to thy favoured son, let pæans ring,
Hail! to his deathless name, whose fervid mind
Flash'd light to teach, to heal, to bless mankind.
Hail! to immortal HARVEY.
And while our bosoms throb, our pulses beat,
While the red current, charged with vital heat,
Plays in meand'ring streams,
Still higher shall we raise the strain,
Till heaven's high vault returns again
The soul-expanding theme—
Hail! to immortal HARVEY raise the song,
Hail! to immortal HARVEY, hail!

SONG.

*For the Harvcian Anniversary, 1816.**

I.

HAT! bid a man sing,
In so dreadful a ring,
'Midst priests, for the sacrifice seated;
Æneas, they tell,
Promenaded to Hell,
But his courage would here be defeated.

II.

In awe most profound,
My eye wanders round,
And phantoms rise glaring to fancy,
Fear's mystical power
Conjures up at this hour
Lights would stun even stark Necromancy.

---

* Sung by the Author himself to the "very high entertainment" of the Club. The names of several conspicuous member are printed in Italics.

III.

If on *Wood* I but think,
From deal-coffin I shrink;
If on *Bell*, I hear a bell tolling;
For nothing can save
From that dead *Home*, the grave,
Tho' *Hope*, smiling Hope, sits cajoling.

IV.

If murder and death
Chill our blood in Macbeth,
Talk of *Duncan*, we hear ravens croaking;
But the Duncan that's here
Is th' assassin, I fear,
Who kills us, remorseless, with joking.

V.

Old Duncan, they say,
Can the merry fool play,
When seated amongst honest fellows.
Now Doctor of Mirth,
To fresh jokes he'll give birth,
And blow up the Fun with his Bellows.

VI.

One *Barclay*, they quote,
Who on Quakery wrote;
But our friend's of another persuasion.
The pleas'd Undertaker
Says *John* is no Quaker,
Though Patients perhaps have occasion.

* * * * *

VIII.

The vile small-pox *Bryce*
Can trim in a trice,
And Cow him; with prompt Vaccination,
The Whig taste he hit,
For you'll scarce find a *Pitt*
On the purified face of creation.

* * * * * *

XI.

In the doctoring art,
He who first took the start,
Named *Phœbus*, or rather *Apollo*,
In his chariot gay,
Rides about all the day,
An example which some Doctors follow.

XII.

Not content with his skill,
In the Bolus and Pill,
He patronis'd idle Musicians;
So the Fiddle and Flute,
By prescription must suit
With the practice of learned Physicians.

* * * * * *

XIV.

By Helicon's stream,
If the Poets could dream,
'Twas Wine and not Water was flowing;
And a fork'd Hill we know
The God chose, just to show,
That a fork with the knife should be going.

XV.

Like Leeches you bleed,
And like locusts you feed;
Ah! pardon a Poet's presumption,
But *Oman* dismay'd,
O'er his joints quite decayed,
Cries,—See, what a rapid Consumption!

XVI.

Since you smile, then a fig
For each ominous Wig,
And adieu to absurd trepidation;
Let the wine, if 'tis good,
Take the course of our blood,
And flow round in blythe Circulation.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

COLLECTED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

MICHAEL'S DINNER;

OR,

STAUNCH FRIENDS TO REFORM.*

TUNE—*Sodger Laddie.*

FAIR Reform—celestial maid,
Hope of Britons, hope of Britons,
Calls her followers to her aid,
She has fit'uns, she has fit'uns.
They would brave in danger's day
Death to win her, death to win her—
If they met not by the way
Michael's dinner, Michael's dinner!

* This *jeu d'esprit* is copied from the original broadside which was bought in London upwards of fifty years ago, and now forms part of the famous collection of Mr. Maidment, advocate. Mr. M. A. Taylor, M.P., was celebrated not for his speeches,

Lambton* leads the patriot van,
Noble fellow, generous fellow!
Quite the dandy of the clan—
Rather yellow, rather yellow.†
Of fair Liberty he tells
Tales bewitching, tales bewitching;
But they vanish when he smells
Michael's kitchen, Michael's kitchen!

Lawyer Brougham's next in rank;
Prates like Babel, prates like Babel;
He has never ate or drank
At Brib'ry's table, Brib'ry's table.
What, then, now can stop his mouth,
In this hot age, in this hot age?
'Tis, if he would tell the truth,
Michael's potage, Michael's potage!

---

but for his dinners, which were more esteemed than even those at Holland House. The lines were written upon the defeat of the Whigs, who, tempted by the super-eminent excellence of Michael Taylor's cuisine and cellar, left the House of Commons, and on their return found, to their dismay, that their "celestial maid" had met with very cruel treatment from the Tories, who, taking advantage of the absence of her admirers, had very rudely turned her out of doors.

* The late Earl of Durham.

† He was called generally, even by his political friends, "the yellow dandy."

Hobhouse,* who pretends to nous,†
Cur of Burdett, cur of Burdett,
Fir'd his pop-gun, but the House
Never heard it, never heard it.
He foresaw, from Canning's lash,
Stripes too cutting, stripes too cutting,
So he sneak'd away to hash
Michael's mutton, Michael's mutton!

Where was, on that famous night,
Hume‡ the surgeon, Hume the surgeon?
Who pretends to set us right
By constant purging, constant purging.
No division yet expecting,
Fond of work he, fond of work he,
At the moment was dissecting
Michael's turkey, Michael's turkey!

Fergusson§ his place may choose
In the bevy, in the bevy;
He's the real Taylor's goose,
Hot and heavy, hot and heavy.

---

* The late Lord Broughton, the friend of Byron.

† "Nous," Greek for "mind."

‡ The late Joseph Hume, M.P.

§ The late Colonel Fergusson, M.P., of Raith, Fifeshire.

He'll outdo, with sword and flame,
Senna-cherib, Senna-cherib!
What that evening made him tame?
Michael's spare-rib, Michael's spare-rib

Thus the social round they form
In Privy-gardens, Privy-gardens;
And they care about Reform
Not three fardens, not three fardens.
To yawn and vote let others stay,
Who can bear it, who can bear it;
They, much wiser, drink away
Michael's claret, Michael's claret

While ye thus in claret, sirs,
Lose your reason, lose your reason,
England will recover her's,
Lost last season, lost last season!
Factious mobs, seditious Lords,
Must grow thinner, must grow thinner,
When plain Common-sense records
Michael's dinner, Michael's dinner!

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL—SONG.*

AIR—*Bannocks o' Barley Meal.*

RGYLL is my name, and you may think it strange
To live at a Court, and yet never to change;
To faction, or tyranny, equally foe,
The good of the Land's the sole motive I know.
The foes of my country, and King, I have faced,
In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced;
I've done what I could for my country's weal,
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Ye riots and revels of London adieu!
And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you!
For Scotland, I mingled in bustle and strife;
For myself, I seek peace and an innocent life:
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene,
With Maggie, my love, in her rockley o' green;
On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel,
While she shares my bannocks o' barley meal.

---

* The celebrated John, Duke of Argyll, has been credited with the authorship of the first version of this song, which Sir Alexander has merely the merit of improving.

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
He shall fight for his King, as his father has done;
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—
O! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.
I pant for the breeze of my lov'd native place;
I long for the smile of each welcoming face;
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES BOSWELL.*

THERE is a pang when kindred spirits part,
And cold philosophy we must disown;
There is a thrilling spot in every heart,
For pulses beat not from a heart of stone.

Boswell! th' allotted earth has closed on thee;
Thy mild but gen'rous warmth has passed away;
A purer spirit never death set free,
And now the friend we honoured is but clay.

His was the triumph of the heart and mind:
His was the lot which few are blessed to know:
More proved, more valued—fervent, yet so kind;
He never lost one friend, nor found one foe.

---

* The Author's only brother. See Memoir.

VERSES RECITED AT A BURNS ANNIVERSARY DINNER, 1818.

AIN thought! But had Burns ever witnessed a meeting
Of souls so congenial, and warmed with such fire,
The mild glow of fancy, with ecstasy greeting—
Ah! what might have been the bold notes of his lyre?

As rays by reflection are doubled and doubled,
His bosom had swelled to your cheering reply;
Soft sympathy soothing the heart that was troubled—
A smile for his mirth, for his sorrow a sigh.

Admired, but unaided, how dark was his story!
His struggles we know, and his efforts we prize;
From murky neglect, as the flame bursts to glory,
He rose, self-embalmed, and detraction defies.

A ploughman he was—would that smiles of false favour
Had never allured him from home and his team,
And taught all his hopes and his wishes to waver,
And, snatching reality, left him—a dream!

To rank and to title due deference owing,
We bow as befitting Society's plan.
But, judgment awakened and sympathy glowing,
We pass all distinctions, and rest upon man.

And from the poor hind, who, his day's work completed,
With industry's pride to his hovel returns,
To him who in Royalty's splendour is seated—
If soul independent be found, 'twas in Burns!

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

H! who shall breathe upon the oaten reed
That pour'd its melody on winding Ayr,
And who shall claim thy mantle as his meed,
Gift of wild poesy, which thou did'st wear?
For rude and earthborn wight how little meet
So rich a mantle, and a note so sweet!

Thee, Bard of Coila, all her echoes mourn,
Hid in thy silent cave and tuneless grove,
No more the [ ]*, on the breeze is borne
Mirth's jocund carol, or the plaints of love.
Dark Lugar's stream unheeded laves its bed,
And all that liv'd to thee seems dull and dead.

But when soft memory of other days
Steals on the fancy with delusive glow,
And while deep wrapt we ponder on thy lays
With music not their own the waters flow;
Thy spirit hov'ring seems to rule the spell,
And our eyes glisten while our bosoms swell.

* This word is illegible.

TO THE SAME.

TO greet the sun, from many a bough,
E'en tuneless birds to sing will dare;
Rude is my song, yet bear with it now,
And let my theme plead—'Tis the Poet of Ayr.
He grief could make, or grief could beguile,
Swaying our passions at pleasure by turns;
He touch'd but the chord, a tear or a smile
Or dimpl'd or flow'd at the magic of Burns.

While for the dead—if a poet can die?
In fond remembrance we twine
Around our board, how beams each eye
While living lights still brightly shine?
Burns o'er the plough, like the lark to the day,
On playful pinion soar'd in song,
He ceased.—A shepherd caught the lay,
And Ettrick shaws the notes prolong.

Glows there a heart at Scotia's lov'd name,
Each forest-heath, each stream and glen,
Dream we of deeds of ancient fame,
And proudly exult that our fathers were men?

Ah! there's a Poet, whose mind is our own;
Tread where he listeth he hallowed the ground;
Laurels and praise so familiar are grown,
With roses and myrtle *he* shall be crowned.

Then high with wine the goblets fill
In memory of bards who sleep—
A cup of joy to those who still
The harp to rapture wildly sweep.
A bumper to him whom our Laureate we deem,
Honest the welcome we proffer him here;
Scottish his lay, and still Scottish his theme—
A Scot by pre-eminence Scotsmen shall cheer!

SUNG AT A YEOMANRY DINNER.

TUNE—*Fie, let us off to the Wedding.*

GOOD humour reigns round, I presume,
And no man can here take offence,
And so, by the leave of the room,
I'll sing, and defy common sense.
But fill all your glasses, boys, brimmers,
My comrades in scarlet and blue;
For here we've no shy cocks or trimmers,
But all jolly boys, staunch and true.

'Tis Phœbus that warms up a Poet;
The sun, they say, ripens the soul;
'Tis cold in the north—what then—blow it—
We've whisky, and plenty of coal.
Then fill all, &c.

My theme is the yeoman's fair praises;
A plain man, but asks a plain tale;
With loyalty's glow his heart blazes,
And honesty's his coat of mail.
Then fill all, &c.

Old Kent was renowned for her bowmen,
All here surely pretty well know;
But if I talk big of her yeomen
Don't fancy I draw a long bow.
Then fill all, &c.

If John Bull's a fellow of merit,
Sure Knatchbull must not be forgot;
A plumper I vote to his credit,
And that by my right scot and lot.
Then fill all, &c.

If all those I honour I mention
'Twould last me an evening or two
But, certes, 'tis not my intention
To sing all the alphabet through.
Then fill all, &c.

Howe'er, and whene'er, rolls the wheel,
A yeoman's content with his *share;*
With *furrows* although he must deal,
It shan't be the furrows of care.
Then fill all, &c.

LOCHSIDE AND DAMBACK; OR, THE CURLERS.

LOCHSIDE.

ET feckless chiels, like crucket weans,
Gae blaw their thumbs wi' pechs and granes,
Or thaw their fushionless shank-banes,
An' hurkle at an ingle;
But lads o' smeddum, croose and bauld,
Whase blood can thole a nip o' cauld,
Your *ice-stanes* in your gray plaids fauld,
And try on lochs a *pingle.*

Chorus.

When snaw lies white on ilka knowe,
The ice-stane and the good broom kowe
Can warm us like a bleezin' lowe—
Fair fa' the ice and curlin'.

Soop the rink, lads, wide enough,
The *hog-scores* mak', and mak' ilk *brough,*
And though the game be close and tough,
We aiblins yet may bang them.
Stand on, Tam Scott—ye've a good ee—
Come *creepin'* up the ice to me—
Lie, here—my *besom's* on the *Tee*—
Let's hae a stane amang them.
When snaw lies white, &c.

DAMBACK.

Johnny Gray mak' this your rest,
A good calm *shot* is aye the best,
He's *fled* it *raging* like a pest—
O, what's come ower ye, Johnny?

LOCHSIDE.

Stand on, Peat-Bog, and gie's a *guard*,
I ken ye can play: cawtious, Laird,
Just lie ahint our stane a yard—
I like thee weel—that's *bonnie.*
When snaw lies white, &c.

DAMBACK.

Now, Rob Roy, mind, the ice is *gleg;*
Aim for the guard, and *break an egg*,
But, O, be cawtious, man, I beg—
He's *roarin'* in the *corner.*
Soop—*gie him heels!* he's *aff the ice*—
The chiels are fou, or else no wise;
For Gude-sake, will ye tak' advice,
And play in your auld or'ner?
When snaw lies white, &c.

LOCHSIDE.

Now, Geordie Goudie, here's a *port*,
Be cannie, and we'll soop ye for't;
I carena though ye're twa ells short—
Hands up—there's walth o' *pouther.*

DAMBACK.

Now, Willie, here's a fine *inring*,
Play straught, and *rub him* like a king—
He's slipt his foot, and wi' a fling
The stane's out ower his shouther.
When snaw lies white, &c.

Sin' I was born, and now I'm gray,
I ne'er saw siccan wratched play;
Our fallows a' clean wud the day;
Their stanes like gowks are hurlin':
But bring the whisky and the baiks—
Though fortune has play'd us the glaiks,
A bumper to the Land o' Cakes,
An' her ain game o' curlin'.
When snaw lies white, &c.

THE SWALLOW'S LAMENT.*

TO regions afar, where Sol's temperate beam
Enlivens the prospect and plays on the stream,
I flew from the well-known approach of the blast,
O'er Ocean's expanse on light pinions I pass'd:
But now, warn'd by instinct, a more gentle air
Invites my return to Affleck and love's care—
But, ah! what a change, what a ruinous scene!
The old House is level, alas! with the green.
Here in windows I, happy, could build the round nest,
No chambermaid dire with her broom to molest.
But Time, cruel Time, has the Mansion destroy'd,
And envied poor swallows the bliss they enjoy'd.

---

* One very stormy night the stair of the old House of "Affleçk," as it was wont to be called (erected at the beginning of the seventeenth century), was hurled to the ground. Next morning, on visiting the ruins, Sir Alexander repeated these *impromptu* lines on the spot to his factor, Mr. Andrew Gibb, who remembered them years after. Their preservation here is due to the kindness of a mutual friend.

SONG.

TUNE—*The Mad Boy.**

POOR Robin hops round your kitchen,
And pecks in quiet the crumbs,
His feather coat ne'er wants stitching,
No wintry cold benumbs.
With hunger long time George has pin'd,
Keen, keen blows the cold thro' these rags,
But sorrow flits fast from my mind,
And still I sing merrily, merrily—
Sweet's the sound of the steeple,
The bells ring blythely to joy—
Ah! give a trifle, good people!
Ah! give to a harmless poor Boy.

Nay, laugh not, honest bystanders—
Laugh not, I pri'thee—fye! fye!
Tho' wild my poor fancy wanders,
It claims a pitiful sigh.

---

* Composed from the notes of a poor mad Boy, well known in Edinburgh at the time (1798).

Ah! where are my friends to protect?
Ah! where is a parent's kind care?
They're gone! and I'm doom'd to neglect,
But still I sing merrily, merrily—
Sweet's the sound of the steeple,
The bells ring blythely to joy—
Ah! give a trifle, good people!
Ah! give to a harmless poor Boy.

THE AYRSHIRE YEOMEN—SONG.

E lads of Ayr, when first we met,
Enrol'd as honest Yeomen,
Each bosom glow'd, we feel it yet—
In warmth we'll yield to no men.
The war is o'er, in peace we live,
But surety double sure we'll give,
That foreign and domestic foe,
We have them down, we'll keep them low,
And guard our happy nation.

In olden time, our reckless Sires,
Their swords might beat to plough-shares,
But watchful steadiness inspires,
The man who duty now shares.
Though caution some may deem absurd,
Yet "ever ready" is the word,
And while we grasp the trusty brand,
Shall ruin sweep our native land,
And 'whelm our happy nation?

They are not men to crouch as slaves,
Whose blood like ours throbs wildly,
We are not fools, the dupes of knaves,
Though wool-clad wolves look mildly;

Then let the viper hide his sting,
The reptile, if he ramp, we'll ring,
His venom check, his malice mar,
And fling the poison from us far,
Far from our happy nation.

The brimming bumpers, boys, renew,
A health to our defenders!
Who clos'd the scene at Waterloo;
That word new fire engenders!
Though willing all to meet the foe,
To their transcendent deeds we owe,
That Britain's unpolluted shore
Is still undrench'd with hostile gore,
And boasts a peerless nation.

POLITICAL SONG.

TUNE—*From Dublin to Lunnon I come.*

WAS once, in political strife,
The rule, and the partisan's glory,
To deem it the pride of his life
To stand a stout Whig or staunch Tory;
But in this most sapient age,
So catching at brisk speculation,
Old stories are spunged from the page,
And *all* find a new designation.

Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

Some novelty every head fills,
And change every pleasure enhances;
Lewd waltzes and bungled quadrilles
Drove out our old friends, country dances.
And Tories and Whigs must give place
To *liberal* Jacobin notions,
And Statesmen and Beaux show their *grace*
By making remarkable *motions*.

Tol de rol, &c.

With those who once tailed after Fox,
If a Whiggified youth is but sided,
He finds he is in the wrong box,
'Midst men by no principle guided.
To *sharps* such as these he's a *flat*,
The Priests of bold Regeneration;—
He flies—and is branded a *Rat*,
By Vermin *sans* classification.

Tol de rol, lol de lol, lol.

THE OLD BEAU.

IN India's clime I pass'd my time
In hoarding heaps of money:
A lady's man is now my plan,
But faith I feel quite funny.
With a fal, lal, lal, let minxes sneer and titter,
Attractions I shall have enough so long as guineas glitter.

The country round, I will be bound,
Can't show a better hopper;
At ev'ry race I show my face
Although—it's somewhat copper.
With a fal, lal, lal, &c.

'Midst Belles and Beaux I poke my nose,
And flirt like five-and-twenty;
Though up in life, I'll get a wife—
I've yellow-Boys in plenty.
With a fal, lal, lal, &c.

If I should find one to my mind,
I'd say as sweet as sugar—
"Accept my hand, I've cash and land,
I'm Mr. B. of Lugar."
With a fal, lal, lal, &c.

A HINT TO THE HEN-PECK'T.

AID old Pat Cole to me, "Friend you wear up in life,
Then quick take good counsel, and get thee a wife;
'Tis wondrous snug, and all things she'll keep right,
And cheer your fire-side of a cold winter's night."
Those who live single
Know how the Fates mingle
Much gall in their Noggin o' Nappy;
So I'll e'en try my luck
And pick me a duck,
And then I'll be perfectly happy,
Yes, happy, aye happy, quite happy,
Then I'll be perfectly happy.

I smooth'd my old Lamb's-wool, and polish'd my chin,
And fine, faith, as five-pence to Annet walk'd in;
I ax'd, and she answer'd so civil and sweet,
That when she said—"Yes"—I scarce stood on my feet,
But home I went merry,
Sang Hey! down-a-derry,
And toss'd off a Noggin o' Nappy,
And thank'd ev'ry planet
That now I'd have Annet,
And be most excessively happy,
Yes, happy, aye happy, quite happy,
Then I'd be perfectly happy.

The wedding-day came, and the wedding-day pass'd,
Our friends wish'd us joy from the first to the last;
With thanks I grew thirsty, and long'd for a pot,
But Annet storm'd loudly, and call'd me a sot.
Said I, "Ma'am, be civil—
How now!—what the devil!
Not take off my Noggin o' Nappy?"
She thought to be snubbing,
I tipp'd her a drubbing—
And now we live excellent happy,
Yes, happy, aye happy, quite happy,
And now we're prodigiously happy.

LINES
ON THE DEATH OF LORD MONTGOMERIE.

ROLL on, dark Ayr—thy troubled stream,
Thy murmuring fall, and broken flow
Accord with Sorrow's hapless theme,
Congenial with the tone of Woe.—

Far from thy rocky banks, and bowers,
When Illecenian breezes rise,
'Midst gray Lucenia's ancient towers,
Far, far from thee Montgomerie lies.

And who unmoved shall name that name—
And who unmoved that name shall hear?
What bosom shall refuse a sigh—
What eye refrain the starting tear?

His were the mien and manners bland
That friendship met with soft return;
And his a spirit to command
That might have blazed o'er Otterburn.

Unsullied was that generous heart,
Still brighter deemed when closer known;
No place was there for specious art—
'Twas honour's undivided throne.

And rancour's bitter fiends, beguiled,
Forgot themselves, and spared his name;
Disarm'd, their acrid stings grew mild,
Constrained to praise where none could blame.

But he who shared the social hour,
And met those smiles so warm and kind—
Who marked the calm but manly power,
The strength and energy of mind—

Ah! what a loss must he deplore,
If feeling lives within his breast.
'Tis past—these hours return no more:
The friend he honoured is at rest.

Lost are the hopes of happier days,
Sad recollections, pangs are there;
But winter comes, the leaf decays,
And wither'd are the Banks of Ayr.

Roll on, dark Ayr—thy troubled stream,
Thy murmuring falls, and broken flow
Accord with Sorrow's hapless theme,
Congenial with the tone of Woe.

MASONIC SONG.*

AIR—*The auld wife ayont the fire.*

UR mither's got anither wean,
A dainty wean—a sonsie wean;
Our mither's got anither wean,
Sae push about the whisky.

Blair o' Blair its daddy is,
For "Blair Dalry" maun sure be his;
He'll warm your hearts, lads, till they bizz,
When sloken'd wi' guid whisky.
Chorus—Our mither's got, &c.

Here honest men thegither meet,
Their brows to smooth, their mous to weet;
And friendship's fire to stir and beat,
Sae push about the whisky.
Our mither's got, &c.

---

* Lodge Blair, Dalry (so called in honour of Mr. Blair of Blair), was consecrated 20th December, 1821, by Sir Alexander Boswell, as Provincial Grand Master for Ayrshire; and at the banquet which followed the ceremony, the M.W.G.M. rendered the above song, than which, the official minute informs us, "none elicited such shouts of applause."

The compass, square, the maul an a',
Still keep us right, and gie the law;
But fient a pillar e'er need fa',
For just a wee drap whisky.
Our mither's got, &c.

Auld Babel didna mak folk dum',
Sae while a Mason can sit plum,
Let care wi' reek gie up the lum,
Sae push about the whisky.
Our mither's got anither wean,
A dainty wean—a sonsie wean;
Our mither's got anither wean,
An' here's her health in whisky.

THE PIPER AND TRIHODYAN.*

Piper.

YE'RE a blob roun' and ripe,
Like a puddin' o' tripe,
Like the bag o' my pipe,
Trihodyan.

By my faith, I suppose,
That sax cogue-fu' o' brose
Is your ilka day's dose,
Trihodyan.

Gin ye swallow and swell,
I may venture to tell,
That she'll brust her nainsel,
Trihodyan.

Come! out wi' your mill,
Sit down and be still,
Ye're no for the hill,
Trihodyan.

---

* Trihodyan, or rather *Hodean*, is supposed to be an overgrown lubber that would fain be a deer-stalker. By endeavouring to pronounce the words with a strong Highland accent, it will add greatly to the ludicrous effect intended by the Author.

Ye'll chock at some knowe,
Ye'll stick in some flow,
Or, ye'll melt in a thow,
Trihodyan.

Fat Donald Macraw,
On some brae gin ye fa',
Ye'll row down like a ba',
Trihodyan.

Trihodyan.

Ye may preach, ye may jeer,
Ye may pray, ye may swear;
But I'll grup the wild deer,
Trihodyan.

Piper.

Pit saut on her tail,
Or, fat Donald, ye'll fail;
Hoot! grup a black snail,
Trihodyan.

A FRAGMENT.*

I.

THERE was a time when this dull breast
Throbb'd wild to all that flitted by;
An angel spirit was its guest,
And nature charmed my laughing eye.

II.

Has nature charms? or does the soul
Give all the colour that we know?
Are those the orbs that wont to roll?
Are these the streams that wont to flow?

III.

Talk to the blind of joys of sight,
And tell the deaf of music's art,
And spread the tinsel of delight
Before a wounded broken heart.

IV.

She was—but let my accents fall—
She is—but soars yon stars above!
I saw her in her father's hall,
We met, we gazed, and all was love.

---

* The romantic but sad event which elicited these lines made a great sensation at the time—now fifty years ago.

V.

The warder was a haughty lord,
And vaunted high his blood and line;
My fathers wore as good a sword,
Though an untitled name be mine.

VI.

Down, down, poor pride—for all is low,
And that may break which cannot bend;
Rent is his heart who dealt the blow,
And doom'd two kindred hearts to rend.

VII.

Yes, Seraph! 'twas his mandate proud,
That seas should part my love and me.
It was a father's wish. I bow'd,
And bade adieu to hope and thee.

VIII.

I wandered, but in every land
Thy lovely image wandered too;
Thy name I traced on every sand,
And mingled drops with every dew.

IX.

And thou, sweet shade! Is she a shade?
And I a living wreck of man!
Too well thy love and woe repaid
My doating heart, for life's short span.

X.

They saw thee gliding to the tomb,
Alternate chill'd, alternate burn:
And, ah! too late reversed the doom,
And bade an exiled wretch return.

XI.

Yes, I returned, and she, my love,
No longer dwelt on Earth's bright scene;
Her angel spirit fled above,
And all—as she had never been!

XII.

They say that hearts can never break;
I know not, for I live to tell
More than the dead, if they would wake
When sorrow tolls a passing knell.

XIII.

And what is life? a breath, a spark,
A nameless bond, an airy thread!
Now all is light, now all is dark,
Now joy and rapture, and now dead.

YES! TEARS MUST FLOW.*

YES! tears must flow: ye mourn the brave!—
They burst from nature's purest spring!
But hallow'd is your soldier's grave,
And patriot souls his requiem sing.

He fell—but oh! he conquering fell!—
Triumphant laurels deck'd his bier,
The song of victory shall swell,
And exultation check the tear.

He droop'd not as a canker'd plant,
Nor wither'd 'midst forgotten weeds:—
Thousands for his renown shall pant,
And thousands emulate his deeds.

---

* Written on the death of Colonel Miller, son of Lord Glenlee of Barskimming, who fell at Waterloo. To him "Sir Albon" was inscribed.

MONODY

ON THE

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

VICTORY! at thy proud name,
Our souls expand, our bosoms glow!—
But all is chill—our pulses tame—
When fancy paints our sons laid low.

Ah! there is food for grief to feed;
The sternest eye, o'ercome, may weep:—
And kindred hearts, or break, or bleed,
For those who pine, or those who sleep.

Then was the struggle of the brave,
And wond'rous deeds that Heroes do!
Thy corse-clad plain, one mighty grave,
Dear-bought, but glorious, Waterloo!

Yes! there were deeds of wonder done,
Round Britain's Flag to death unfurl'd:—
The chaplet torn, the laurels won,
From bands who conquer'd half a world.

EPITAPH

ON THE LATE

ALEXANDER WOOD.

VAIN is the votive stone a name to save,
If mem'ry lives but on the dead man's grave.
Tho' adulation may her tale rehearse,
We turn repugnant from the fulsome verse
Which glaring stands (while living pride is fed)
In sculptur'd falsehood o'er th' unconscious dead.

But cold the heart that feels no genial glow,
Pond'ring on him whose ashes sleep below;
Whose vivid mind, with grasping power, could reach
Truths that the plodding schools can never teach:
Who scorn'd, in honesty, the specious wiles
Of dull importance, or of fawning smiles:
Who scouted feelings fritter'd and refin'd,
But had an ample heart for all mankind.

LONG LIVE GEORGE THE FOURTH OUR KING.

SUNG AT AYR, JULY 19TH, 1821,

BEING THE DAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF HIS MAJESTY'S CORONATION.

WHILE Brunswick's Race o'er Britain's Isle
The Patriot-sceptre wield,
Still holy Liberty shall smile,
And Virtue be her shield.
In arts of peace her sons excel,
In battled deeds their bosoms swell,
While Brunswick's Race o'er Britain's Isle
The Patriot-sceptre wield.

Another George, to bless the land,
Ascends our peerless throne,
Cements, again, the sacred band,
And vows our rights his own.
With joyful hearts the day we hail,
A nation's shouts are on the gale.
Another George, to bless the land,
Ascends our peerless throne.

The free-born Briton proudly serves
His Sov'reign as his Sire,
While freedom braces all his nerves,
And gives his bosom fire.
The slave may bow, the tyrant nod,
And lawless bands mock man and God,
The free-born Briton proudly serves
His Sov'reign as his Sire.

Then long live George the Fourth our King,
And happy be his reign!
May we, beneath his watchful wing,
Our laws and rights maintain!
May halcyon hours revolving come!
In peace forget the rolling drum.
Then long live George the Fourth our King,
And happy be his reign!

SUNG

AT THE PROVINCIAL MEETING OF THE MASON LODGES OF AYRSHIRE—AUGUST 26TH, 1821.

TUNE—*When in death I shall calm recline.*

I.

HERE below in a vale of Trial,
Immers'd in folly, and rash and weak,
Clouds incumbering Reason's Dial,
We're wreck'd in sorrow when joy we seek.

II.

Lone and unheeded, 'midst vexation,
How low were thy lot, Creation's Lord,
Did no friend, for consolation,
Enliven thy heart with the *Mason's Word?*

III.

While the World, in toil and trouble,
Are bustling busy here and there,
Let the Wretch his thousands double,
He'll find he sooner can double care.

IV.

But if a Man of soul elastic,
The dross can despise for ore divine;
Firm, true, warm, enthusiastic,
We'll welcome that Man with the *Mason's Sign.*

V.

Masons here hand and heart united,
In conclave seated, our cares beguile;
The cold be warmed, the warm'd delighted,
And glowing Harmony lend her smile.

VI.

And while in laugh and song we revel,
And lift the full Goblet to the lip,
Rul'd by Compass, Square, and Level,
We'll pledge all round with the *Mason's Grip.*

VII.

Short our Span! Ah, shorter the Season,
While fire and fancy in vigour sway,
Led by Virtue and controul'd by Reason,
The trusty Mason must toil his day.

VIII.

Like the proud Temple, we too must moulder,
Yet while there's Life let's work to the plan,
And o'er our green sod each sad beholder
Shall sigh for the Mason and honour [the] Man.

"CURSE GOD AND DIE."

I.

"CURSE God and die!"—creation's foe
Whispered to Job's afflicted heart:
"'Midst pangs like thine shall worship glow?
Curse God, and to the grave depart.—

II.

"Thy flocks and herds are swept away:
The breath of heaven has crushed thy race;
A bloated wretch—the shame of day—
Loathsome, in dust, thou hid'st thy face.

III.

"And shalt thou bow and bless His power,
Who scourges thus, and scorns thy cry?
Thy soul shall misery devour
Thus lingering—curse God and die!"—

IV.

Job heard—and there was joy in heaven,
When from his lips the answer brake:—
"God from His hand the good hath given,
And shall we not the evil take?"

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